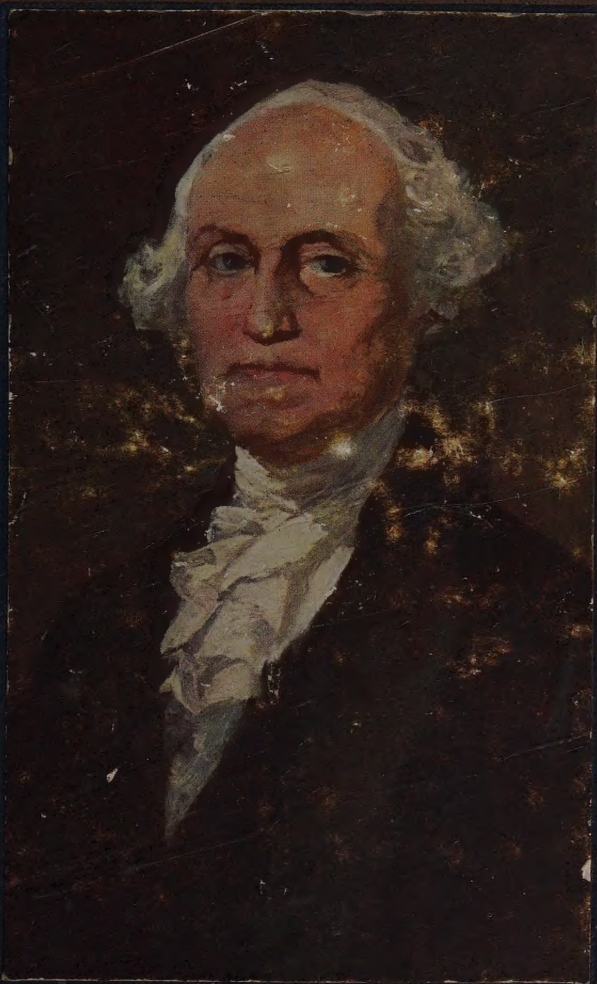
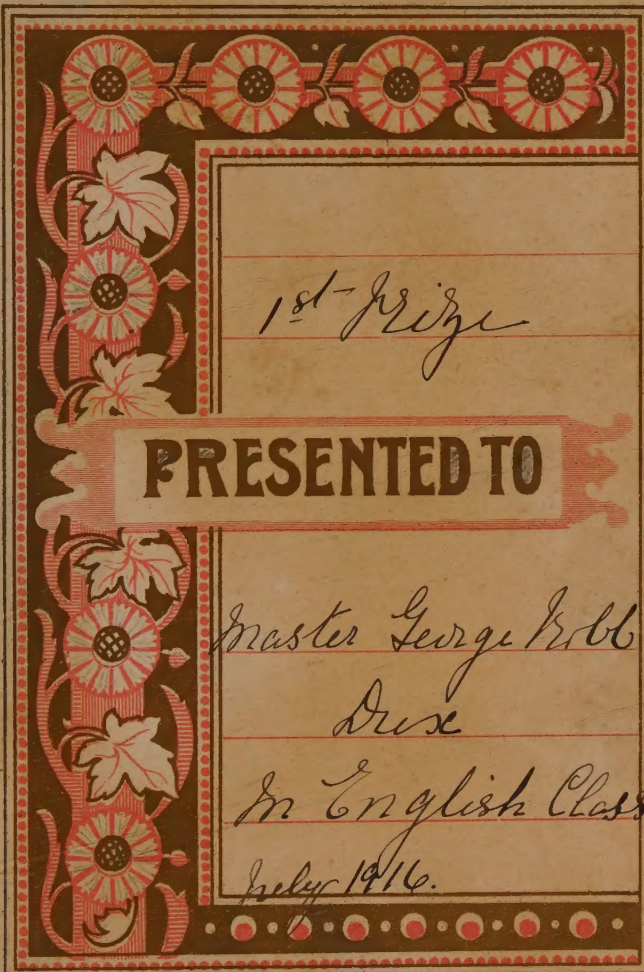


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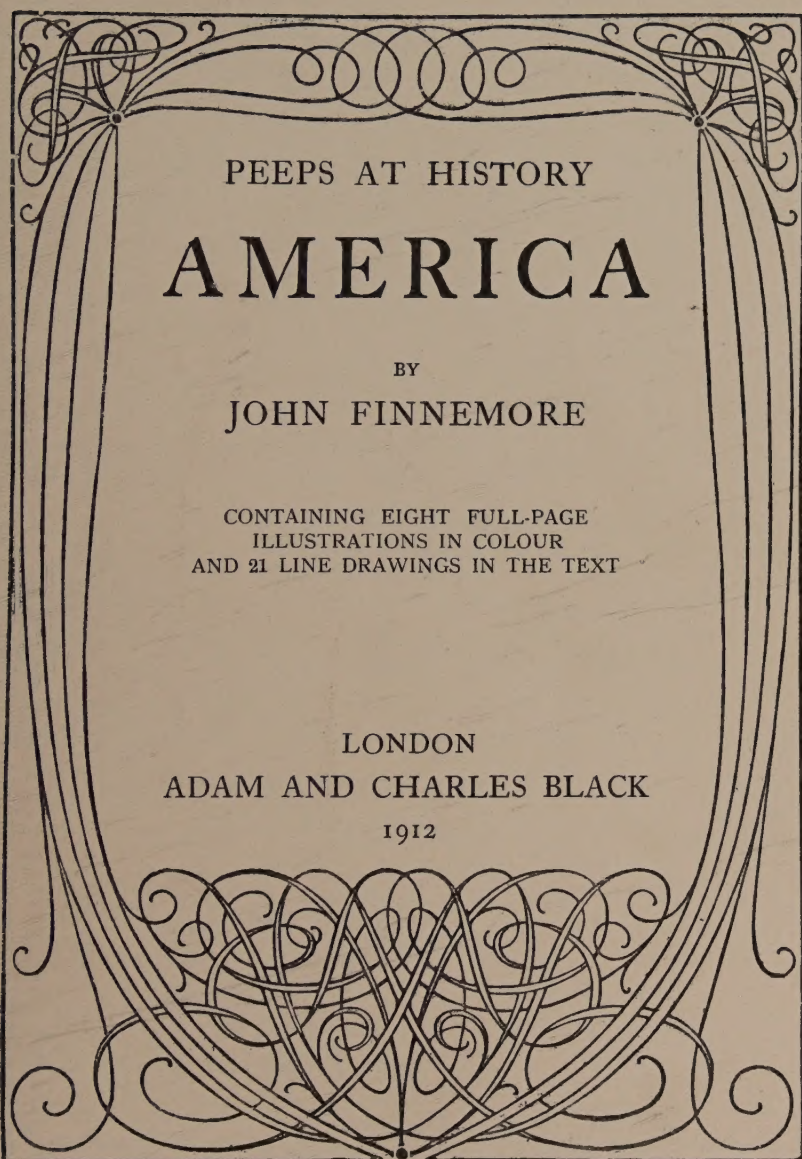
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THE FIRST SETTLERS IN VIRGINIA. PAGE 2.



PEEPS AT HISTORY

AMERICA

BY
JOHN FINNEMORE

CONTAINING EIGHT FULL-PAGE
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AND 21 LINE DRAWINGS IN THE TEXT

LONDON
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK

1912

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THE FIRST ENGLISH IN AMERICA - - - -	I
II. THE PILGRIM FATHERS - - - -	7
III. LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND - - - -	12
IV. THE "OLD THIRTEEN" - - - -	21
V. THE GREAT QUARREL - - - -	26
VI. THE REPUBLIC - - - -	33
VII. 1812 - - - -	37
VIII. THE GROWTH OF AMERICA - - - -	41
IX. SLAVE OR FREE? - - - -	47
X. THE SHADOW OF THE BLACK MAN - - - -	52
XI. THE STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM - - - -	57
XII. THE GREAT WAR—I - - - -	65
XIII. THE GREAT WAR—II - - - -	70
XIV. AFTER THE WAR - - - -	78
XV. AMERICA BECOMES A WORLD POWER - - - -	82
XVI. AMERICA TO-DAY - - - -	86

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

IN COLOUR

THE FIRST SETTLERS TO VIRGINIA	-	-	-	<i>Frontispiece</i>
				FACING PAGE
THE PILGRIM FATHERS EMBARKING FOR NEW ENGLAND	-			9
INDIANS ON THE WAR-TRAIL IN WINTER	-	-	-	16
HOISTING THE SPANISH FLAG — THE FIRST FLAG IN FLORIDA	-	-	-	25
A BACKWOODSMAN	-	-	-	32
THE FIRST DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA	-	-		49
A NEGRO SLAVE-MARKET	-	-	-	56
GEORGE WASHINGTON	-	-	-	<i>On the cover</i>

Also Twenty-one Small Black and White Drawings in the Text

AMERICA

CHAPTER I

THE FIRST ENGLISH IN AMERICA

AMONG the United States there is one which calls itself proudly the "Old Dominion." This is the famous and beautiful State of Virginia, which lies almost in the centre of the eastern sea-board. It gains its name from the fact that its soil saw the earliest home of the English in that part of America, and its woods first felt the settler's axe.

The colony of Virginia was founded by Sir Walter Raleigh, and its name was given in honour of Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen, who then sat on the throne of England. Raleigh loved adventure and discovery, and he sent out fleet after fleet of ships to assist the colonists

he had placed in Virginia. But these fleets, small ones, as a rule, of six or seven ships, either turned aside to fight with the Spaniards or met with disaster, and the infant colony came to ruin. One band of settlers vanished completely; whether they were destroyed by Indians or by famine no one knows, but



Sir Walter Raleigh.

America

when an expedition sailed to help them they were nowhere to be found.

Then, in 1606, a start was made in earnest to plant English homes in the new land. A company was formed, known as the Virginia Company, and a fleet of three ships was fitted out and set sail Westward Ho! Upon these ships were rather more than a hundred settlers, but for the most part they were a sorry crew. Many were men of good family, but bad character—men who had failed at home and were going abroad to try their luck in a new land. Others were servants, and very few were of the right stamp—farmers and labourers, men ready and able to win their living from the soil, and build up with strong hands a settlement in a wild, new land.

The fate of this colony would have been as sad as the last had it not been that the little band was headed by a brave man, the heroic and dauntless John Smith. Smith was a young man, but he had already had a wonderful career as a soldier of fortune. From his boyhood he had roamed the world in search of adventure, and wherever hard knocks were going Smith had found his way, and had taken a share in the battle, and proved himself a mighty champion. He had fought in the Dutch wars; he had served in Hungary against the Turks, and there, in full sight of the opposing armies, he had engaged three Turks, one after the other, in single combat, and had slain them all. He had been taken prisoner, sold as a slave, and escaped, after slaying his harsh task-master. He had fought against the Moors, and seen wild adventures in Morocco. No hero of romance had known more

The First English in America

striking and wonderful scenes than this English soldier of fortune, whose name was plain John Smith.

Smith now proved himself to be as able a leader as he had been a warrior. Without him the band, largely composed of vagabonds and wastrels, would have fallen to pieces and been easily destroyed by Indian enemies or by famine. Many of the colonists had never dreamed of having to face hard work. Misled by wild and fanciful stories, they had pictured the New World as a place where gold was to be had for the picking up, and gems to be found in the bed of every stream. When they found that they must strip off their coats and lay trees low with the axe, in order that ground might be cleared to grow crops, they grumbled loudly, and many of them swore. But John Smith soon stopped that. For every oath that a man used, a can of water was poured down his sleeve, and no one liked that. Then he drove them to the labours of the axe and the plough, telling them that if they would not work they should not eat, and so land was soon cleared and a settlement was formed.

When things were fairly in order, Smith began to explore the country round about, and met with a famous adventure which came very near to being his last. He was marching along the bank of a river with a few followers, when the whole party was seized by Indians and carried away into captivity. His followers were slain, but John Smith, cool and dauntless as ever, managed so to impress the savages that his life, for the time, was spared. He showed them his pocket-compass and explained its uses. He wrote a letter in their sight, and this seemed to them very remarkable. He

America

carved pretty toys and presented them to a little Indian girl, Pocahontas, the daughter of the chief Powhatan. But in the end the Indians resolved that he should die. The fact that he could do so many wonderful things convinced them that he might prove a very dangerous enemy if allowed to live. So he was bound and thrown to the earth. His head was placed on a great stone, and a warrior uplifted a huge club to dash out his brains. But before the heavy blow could fall, his little friend Pocahontas darted forward and flung herself on the body of the captive, so that the club must strike her first. Thus she saved Smith's life for the moment, and so eagerly did she beg for his release that Smith was unbound and set free.

Five years later Pocahontas married a young Englishman named John Rolfe. Great interest was felt in this union of the two races, and when John Rolfe took his wife to England all crowded to see this Indian Princess of whom so romantic a story was told. It is said that she was pretty, pleasing, and of sweet, gentle manners. But death soon parted her from her husband and child. She was taken ill in England and died, and was buried far from her home and her native tribe.

When Smith returned from his captivity he found that the colony had shrunk very much in numbers. Many had died, many had wandered away. But his return put new life into all, and soon fresh colonists arrived to take the places of those that had been lost. But, unluckily, the newcomers were, if anything, a trifle worse than the first detachment, and many of them were mere gaol-birds sent to Virginia instead of to the gallows.

The First English in America

After a time the colonists lost their great leader. Smith met with an accident, and was compelled to return to England. No sooner had he gone than things began once more to fall to pieces. Within six months the colonists had lost all hope, and were about to depart when Lord Delaware, the new Governor, arrived, with new comrades and fresh supplies. Virginia was saved.

From this time the colony moved steadily forward, and gradually it gained wealth. This wealth sprang from tobacco. The colonists found the plant largely in use among the Indians, and they began to grow it and export it to England. In England a great demand arose, in spite of the efforts of James I., who spoke and wrote strongly against smoking. But he strove in vain, for the English came to love Virginian tobacco, and the colonists could scarce grow enough to supply the great demand.

This led to the forming of large estates where tobacco was almost the only thing grown, and now the planters began to call for labour. This call was met in several ways. In the first place many criminals were sent from English gaols to work out their sentences on the tobacco plantations. Then, again, such was the demand for workers that a tribe of villains arose in England who seized innocent people and dragged them aboard ship, carried them to Virginia, and sold them as slaves to the planters. This trepanning or kidnapping was frequent throughout the seventeenth century, and many a poor fellow who had a bitter enemy, and many a person whose relations wished to be rid of him, was hauled across the sea to Virginia and sold like a bullock in a fair.

America

In August, 1619, a very striking and significant thing happened. A Dutch man-of-war sailed into the James River and sold twenty negro slaves to the settlers. Here was the beginning of that terrible business of negro slavery which was to be the source of such evils to the land. But for a time there was no great demand for negroes, since so many white slaves could be had. It was when the supply of white labour began to fail that the slave-ships came more and more thickly to the American coast, and the dreadful traffic of the slaves grew and grew until, by the end of the seventeenth century, the great tobacco plantations were worked entirely by the labour of negro slaves, stolen from their homes in Africa.

Tobacco was all in all in Virginia. The settlers grew tobacco, sold tobacco, talked and thought about little else. It served them for money. There was little or no coin in the colony, and people used tobacco for buying and selling. A clergyman or an official was paid his salary in tobacco. A man who did wrong was fined in tobacco. He had to pay over fifty pounds of tobacco if he failed to go to church ; if he refused to have his child baptized the fine was two thousand pounds of tobacco ; and if he went to the dreadful length of entertaining a Quaker, a sect of people disliked by the rulers of Virginia, he had to pay five thousand pounds. Sometimes, in the case of a very heavy crop, it became no hardship for a man to pay over a great weight of tobacco, because it was so cheap. Then there was a law which compelled every planter to burn a large portion of his stock, so that tobacco became precious again.

CHAPTER II

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

Now, while Virginia was slowly making her ground good as a Colony, a still more famous and memorable settlement was planted to the north of her. John Smith, on one of his trips of exploration, had surveyed a long strip of shore to the north of Virginia, and had named it New England. On a cold December day in the year 1620 a small ship appeared off the New England shore and beat up and down the bleak, wintry coast, searching for a landing-place. Over her bulwarks peered the faces of men, women, and children, looking eagerly at the new country which was to be their home. Only a few hostile Indians saw them land,



The *Mayflower*.

but those Indians looked upon one of the greatest events of history, for the little ship was the immortal *Mayflower*, and she bore on her decks the ever-famous Pilgrim Fathers of America. The Pilgrim Fathers landed at a spot which they called New Plymouth, after the English port from which they

had sailed. They stepped ashore upon a huge boulder which is kept to this day, and is looked upon with reverence as the Pilgrims' Rock.

Who were these Pilgrim Fathers? They were

America

Puritans, members of the Church of England, but men who desired a purer, simpler form of worship than was observed in the Church at that day. But in England they were not allowed to worship as they pleased. The present freedom of thought was unknown. Men were ordered by their rulers to worship as the rulers thought fit; those who did not obey were punished. The English Puritans were continually coming into conflict with their King and his officers. They suffered fines and imprisonment because they wished to think for themselves, and decide upon their own form of worship.

A number of the Puritans found life in England so hard that they fled to Holland, and there for some years they lived in peace and safety. But still their leaders were not satisfied. They felt that soon their little band would be lost among the Dutch, that their sons and daughters would be drawn from them, and that the evil ways of the land would corrupt them. Above all, they wished to keep themselves apart as English people, for, though England had ill-treated them and driven them out, they were English to the core. So they turned their thoughts to the wild, empty lands beyond the Atlantic, and resolved to cross the great ocean and set up new homes on the far-off coast.

Thus it was that one hundred emigrants stepped ashore on that bleak midwinter day, and with them the real founding of the United States of America was begun. It was a hard task which lay before them. They had landed on a grim iron-bound coast, lashed by winter storms, and many of them were weak and ill, for food had been poor and scarce on the *Mayflower*.



THE PILGRIM FATHERS EMBARKING FOR NEW ENGLAND. PAGE 8.

From the Fresco by C. W. Cope, R.A., in the Palace of Westminster.

The Pilgrim Fathers

Sickness broke out among them. They were ill-sheltered, and badly off for food. Their bread ran out, and they had to live on shellfish. That first winter was a terrible time. The sick died fast, until more than half their number had been buried. At one



The Pilgrim Fathers.

time only seven were left in health to minister to their sick comrades. But these laboured without ceasing, and with cheerful patience, to do all that they could to help their disabled

friends, and at length the long winter wore by, and the bright days of spring brought hope to the hearts of all.

There was one good thing to be noted in these dark times: the settlers had little or no trouble with the Red Indians. A terrible disease had broken out among them, and great numbers had died; the few left took no notice of these white strangers who had entered their land.

For the next few years the story of the Pilgrim Fathers is one of hard toil and, very often, short commons. Both were borne with patience and fortitude. Little by little they overcame the difficulties of their position, until the settlement of New Plymouth had struck its roots firmly into the soil and begun to grow.

In England there were many who looked with envy on the quiet, peaceful life of the Pilgrim Fathers. At home there was bitter persecution, first under James

America

and then under Charles I., his son. When letters came from New England, telling of a land of liberty, men read them with throbbing hearts, and they were passed from hand to hand, each looked upon as a "sacred script." Year by year ships crossed the Atlantic bearing band after band of exiles, and tiny townships began to dot the New England coast. Then, in 1629, a fresh colony was set up, that which was to develop into the powerful State of Massachusetts.

It was a great fresh wave of Puritan emigration which swept into Massachusetts Bay in the summer of 1629. Five vessels, the *Mayflower* at their head, brought some hundreds of men, women, and children, who arrived in New England under much happier circumstances than the Pilgrim Fathers had known. The voyage was made in fine weather over a smiling sea, and they reached a pleasant part of the coast at the time when summer had decked the woods with bright green leaves, and verdant meadows carpeted with shining flowers ran down to the water's edge. The land, too, was no longer a wild, unknown shore, but friends were awaiting them to guide them and assist in the formation of a new colony.

In a short time eight hundred more colonists arrived, and soon townlets began to spring up and a steady trade was opened with England, the colonists sending home furs, which they obtained from the Indians in exchange for corn. Nor, amidst all their struggles for food and shelter and their constant watchfulness against the Indian foe, did they neglect things of the mind. There were scholars and thinkers among them, and none wished to see children grow up without education.

The Pilgrim Fathers

Within a few years schools began to appear. A law was passed that every township of fifty persons must have a common school. In larger places grammar schools were set up, and the State of Massachusetts was only a few years old when she founded the famous University of Harvard, near Boston.

The next State to be founded after that of Massachusetts was Connecticut, which was formed in 1638, and other settlers formed the provinces of New Haven, New Hampshire, and Maine. In all these northern communities the settlers were of a far different stamp from the vagabonds and gaol-birds who had been sent into Virginia. They were grave, sober, earnest men, hard workers, keen traders, whose descendants were to prove the salt of the new nation now in the making.

CHAPTER III

LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND

THE earliest settlers in New England had to face bad times ere they struck root into the new soil and prospered. But they never once thought of looking back, and their strong arms and brave hearts made little of toil and difficulties. Their homes were of the simplest sort—log cabins built around a little wooden church, which often also served as a fort, and perhaps they ran a strong palisade about the whole. They were sure to build the latter defence if there were hostile Indians in the neighbourhood.

As fresh bands of settlers poured in, and their numbers grew, plans for a new settlement would be made. In spring a band of adventurers would set forth, with, as a rule, a minister at their head. Men, women, and children, they journeyed into the wilderness, marching day by day until they came to some pleasant place which struck their fancy, or reached some point to which they believed that Providence had led them. Here they pitched their camp, and went to work. Soon they had built a hut for each family, and to each man was assigned a piece of land to till. The wooden church was erected, and often upon its tower were placed two or three cannon as a defence against the wild enemies who lurked in the forests. From these tiny beginnings sprang many of the great New England towns of to-day.

Life in New England

As time went on the country about these townships became greatly changed. The woods vanished, and forest glades became cornfields. Roads ran from farm to farm, bridges crossed the stream, houses began to appear in places where the Indian had put up his wigwam, and the red man was slowly forced farther and farther back into the trackless wilderness. And now we must speak of the dealings between white man and red, for these took a great place in the life of the early days of New England.



d Indian, showing
Head-dress.

During the first years of the infant colonies there was peace with the Red Indians. But before long the Indians began to grow uneasy and restless. They saw the white man spreading over the land, and they grew angry at the loss of their hunting-grounds. The early settlers bought great tracts of land from the natives, but very often the price given was a mere trifle. A man bought enough land for a large farm in exchange for a blanket, a few yards of cloth, or a looking-glass. As one writer remarks : "We find one Brimble paying for six hundred acres three blankets, twelve bottles of drink, and four double-handfuls of powder and shot. The twenty-two thousand acres of New York City, included in Manhattan Island, only brought the Indian owners about twenty-four dollars in the year 1626 ; a township in Maine was purchased for a hogshhead of corn and thirty pumpkins ; and an extensive tract in Woodbury, Connecticut, was long called Kettletown, from the fact that it was bought for a brass kettle."

America

The Pilgrim Fathers had their Indian troubles. Once an Indian chief sent to William Bradford, the Governor, a bundle of arrows wrapped in the skin of a rattlesnake. The Governor knew that this was a threat of war. He quietly took the arrows from the skin, filled the latter with powder and bullets, and sent it back. The chief saw that his meaning was well understood, and that the Governor was ready for him, so he left the whites alone.

Again, one day a friendly Indian ran into New Plymouth to warn the Pilgrims that an Indian plot had been formed to slay some settlers at an outlying spot. Miles Standish, the brave Puritan Captain, at once hastened to the place with an armed band. He met the hostile Indians and talked with them in a room. Hot words were exchanged, and the conference became a battle. There was a fierce hand-to-hand fight in very narrow quarters, but Miles Standish won. He slew the Indian leader with his own hand, and took the chief's head back to Plymouth in token of victory. After that the Indians left Miles Standish alone.

Some years later the men of Massachusetts had trouble with a powerful tribe of Indians known as the Pequots. The Pequots murdered some New England sailors and traders, and in 1636 Captain Endicott led a force against them and burned some of their villages. In the next year an able leader, Captain Mason, took the Pequots utterly by surprise and completely destroyed them, and for nearly forty years New England had peace.

Then came the most terrible struggle with the Indians that the settlers ever knew. In 1675 broke out

Life in New England

King Philip's War. Philip was the name given by the English to a great Indian chief who formed a deep plan. He hated the white men, and he longed to drive them back across the sea whence they had come, and to turn their thriving farms and fruitful orchards once more into Indian hunting-grounds. To do this he sought to form all the Indian tribes into one powerful body, which he would launch without one word of warning upon the English foe.

But there was no surprise. A friendly Indian brought word of the plan which was afoot, and the settlers prepared themselves to meet the attack. The war began, and it proved a most dreadful business for the infant colony. It lasted a year, the most terrible year that Massachusetts had ever known. Night and day the Indian terror reigned. The settler lay down to sleep in his log-



Indians burning Settlers' Huts.

hut not knowing whether he would awake to the sound of the Indian war-whoop, and see the light of the torch which would set his dwelling ablaze. He left his home and knew not whether he would get back alive, or, if he did, would find his home and family safe. The forest-ways swarmed with the painted Indian braves, and band after band of settlers was cut off and destroyed to the last man. Village after village was taken by surprise or assault, and not a soul escaped. Those who were not killed out of hand were dragged away into captivity; the houses were plundered and set aflame.

America

This war lasted until August, 1676, when it was ended by the death of Philip, who was killed by an Indian deserter. His head was carried to Plymouth and there set on a gibbet, as a proof that the great enemy of the settlers was destroyed. But the rejoicings for victory were darkened by deep and bitter sorrows. All the outlying settlements had been destroyed; many hundreds of dwellings lay in ashes; and one tenth of the able-bodied men of the colony, the flower of her manhood, had fallen before the Indian enemy.

Many wonderful and interesting stories are told of the struggles of the settlers with their wily foe. Cunning as the Indian was, the white man soon learned to be as cunning as he, and met the red man with his own weapons. The forest scouts would often fasten broad green leaves over their caps and leathern jackets, and thus take post among the bushes to watch the savages, themselves unseen. One man painted and dressed himself to look like a native warrior, and in this guise ventured into their haunts and gathered much useful information. On his way back to the camp, he met a couple of braves, who stopped him and began to talk. But he knew very little of the Indian speech, and saw that he would be found out. So he made a sudden attack upon them and slew them, and took their scalps back at his belt.

When the house of one Thomas Bideford was attacked, he defended it alone. His house stood beside a river, and he sent his wife and family away in a boat. The savages came, found the house strongly fortified, and called upon the garrison to surrender. But Thomas Bideford played with them finely. He appeared at one



Life in New England

window with a hat and no coat, at another window with a coat and no hat. Then he ran and changed the hat, next he changed the coat. Sometimes he bore a musket, sometimes a pike. He shouted orders in one voice, answered himself in another voice, and, in short, so convinced the savages that the house was full of men that they gave up hope of a successful attack and marched away.

The women were just as bold and brave as the men. Some women were boiling soap when a band of Indians made a sudden raid on the village. The women ran with their pans of soap to the shelter of the church, and blew horns to alarm their husbands working in the fields. The Indians tried to break into the building, and the women poured the boiling soap over them and kept them at bay until the men came running home.

At another village, which was enclosed by a stockade, the men were drawn off by a false alarm that a neighbouring place was in danger. While the men were away, a great band of howling braves swept down on the place. But the women were far from being daunted. They seized guns and manned the stockade, arranged their hair so that they appeared like men, and kept up so brisk and galling a fire that the savages were beaten off and fled, with heavy loss. Nor were the hardy women of the settlements to be despised in a hand-to-hand fight. There was a stalwart frontiers'-woman named Experience Bogarth, who took her share in a desperate battle where the Indians tried to force an entrance into a house. She planted herself in the door way, and held it against all comers, slaying three of her Indian foes with a broad axe.

America

In this warfare with the Indians many white captives were taken and dragged into the wilds. Their fate was often too dreadful for words, and their sufferings beyond description. Those died easiest who fell by the way, too weary to drag another step after their savage captors, for they were slain by a blow from a tomahawk and their bodies flung aside among the trees. But many were kept alive until the home of the tribe was reached, there to die by dreadful and lingering tortures. In many and many a New England home there was an empty place, and the rest of the family knew that one of their circle was in the hands of the Indians, and the

knowledge that they would never know aught of the captive's fate was a black shadow hanging over the family life.



An Indian Brave.

Now and again captives escaped and made their way back to their friends, and the stories of these escapes formed the romance of colonial life. The most famous of them all was the escape of the noted Hannah Duston, who was seized with many others in a great Indian raid. Her infant child was killed by the savages, and Mrs. Duston herself, with another white woman and boy, handed over to a band of Indians. These Indians and their captives camped one night on an island in a river. Hannah waited till they were asleep; then she arose, armed herself and her companions with hatchets, slew the Indians, ten in

Life in New England

number, and left the camp. They had started for home when it occurred to them that no one would believe without evidence that they had done such a deed. So they returned and took the scalps of the fallen enemy. Next they broke holes into all the canoes save one, and in this they escaped down the river and gained their native place. For this exploit Hannah Duston received twenty-five pounds from the authorities, and her companions received one-half of that amount apiece.

Two boys who were taken slipped away from an Indian camp by night, and hid themselves in a hollow log. As they lay in this they saw the savages in search of them pass the log again and again, and soon they were discovered by Indian dogs, which had tracked them by scent. Luckily the boys had some food with them, and they used it to make friends with the dogs, and the dogs did not betray them. When night came they pushed on again through the forest and got clear away from the pursuers. But they were far from home, and they journeyed nine days, living on wild berries, before they gained a white settlement. As they approached it one of them fell down helpless : he was utterly worn out by those long days of suffering and peril ; but they were tenderly cared for, and soon recovered.

One young girl was carried off, and at first closely watched. But after she had been three weeks in captivity, the Indians took less notice of her, thinking she was too far from her home to have any idea of escape. But she made a bridle of bark, and hid it until she saw a chance of catching a horse unseen. At last the chance came, and she seized it. She caught a

America

straying horse, mounted, and galloped back through the forest to her home.

Sometimes young captives were adopted into a tribe, and these often became Indians in speech and manners. There were many cases where parents recovered children after years of captivity, and the child had grown up to be a true Indian brave, handling the bow and tomahawk, speaking none but the Indian language. More than once it happened that the boy had become so attached to the wild life of the savages that he slipped back into the woods and went off to the tribe, and was never seen again.

CHAPTER IV

THE "OLD THIRTEEN"

WHEN Americans speak of the "Old Thirteen," they refer with fond pride to the thirteen colonies which joined to form the original United States. The founding of these thirteen colonies was not completed until the year 1732, when the State of Georgia was settled. We have spoken of the manner in which Virginia and the New England colonies came into being ; we must now glance at the others, and see how they were founded.

To the south of Massachusetts lay a Dutch settlement around the great River Hudson. This river took its name from the famous English sailor, Henry Hudson, who first sailed up its wide course in his ship, the *Half Moon*. He was in the service of the Dutch, and his employers claimed the banks of the Hudson, and formed there a Dutch settlement, which they called the New Netherlands. For fifty years the Dutch held sway in this part of America, and built the town of New Amsterdam. But in 1664 the English seized the colony, and Dutch rule came to an end ; New Amsterdam became New York, and since that day the Dutch village has grown into one of the greatest cities and seaports of the world.

Still farther south, and near Virginia, lay the colony of Maryland. This was first settled in 1632 as a refuge

America

for Roman Catholics, who, at that time, were treated in England even more harshly than the Puritans. Its founder was Lord Baltimore, whose name still lives in the capital of the State. But as time went on, and more settlers poured in, the Catholic character of the colony was lost, and at the revolution of 1688 the Protestant friends of William and Mary were in authority in every county of the State save one. Its history as a colony is one of quiet and steady progress, with no Indian wars and no disputes, except squabbles with the sister colony of Virginia over boundaries.

The Carolinas, North and South, lay to the south of Virginia. We hear of them first in 1629, when Sir Robert Heath obtained a grant from Charles I. of land lying south of Virginia, and he called the province Carolina in honour of the King. But nothing came of this grant, and the colony was really settled by wandering bands of settlers who drifted into it from New England, Virginia, and the West Indies. In 1667 a group of English noblemen took the colony in hand, and ruled it, but without much success, for more than half a century. Then the rule passed to the Crown, and the Carolinas became royal provinces with Governors appointed by the King.

It was not until the year 1682 that the important State of Pennsylvania was founded by the famous William Penn. Penn was the son of a great English Admiral who stood in high favour at the English Court. It would have been easy for William Penn, with powerful influence at his back, to climb to a high position in the State, for he was a young man of much ability, and his family had great hopes of his future.

The "Old Thirteen"

Then, to the dismay of all, the young man became a Quaker. His father, the Admiral, was so angry that he turned William out of doors, hoping to starve him into giving up his Quaker views. But Penn stood firm, and after a while his father forgave him. Yet even the powerful Admiral could not save his son from punishment by the authorities. William Penn was fined and shut up in the Tower for his opinions.

After the death of his father, William Penn became the master of a great estate. He resolved to use his power and wealth to assist his unhappy brethren, the Quakers, whom every-

one assailed and misused. It happened that the King owed Penn a large sum of money, and Penn offered to take land in America instead of cash. The King jumped at this easy way of being rid of the debt, and Penn obtained the grant of a vast tract of land lying to the south-west of New England. Here he formed the State of Pennsylvania, and it became a refuge for



Penn and the Indians.

oppressed Quakers—and not Quakers alone. Penn's noble ambition was to form a State which would be free and self-governing—a state which would "show men as free and happy as they can be."

America

The just and kindly Quaker spirit was fully shown towards the Indians who inhabited the State. No Indian wars ever stained with blood the Quaker territory. Penn called the Indian chiefs to a meeting beneath a huge elm-tree. He told them that he met them as a brother "on the broad pathway of good faith and good will." They came under the spell of his truth and kindness, and vowed "to live in peace with William Penn and his children as long as the moon and the sun shall endure." The vow was kept, and no Quaker blood was ever shed by an Indian hand.

The new settlement grew fast. It was a fruitful land, with abundance of sweet springs and rivers, enjoying a pleasant climate. From the first an excellent class of settlers sought its shelter—sober, steady people, who were calculated to make the best of its fertile soil. Within a few years Penn was able to report to his brethren in England that "things went on sweetly with Friends in Pennsylvania; that they increased finely in outward things and in wisdom."

The last colony of the "Old Thirteen" was founded by James Oglethorpe in 1732. Oglethorpe was a man who had been deeply impressed by the miseries endured by those who were imprisoned for debt in England. He planned the forming of a State where men might make a home and work for an honest living instead of pining in a debtors' prison. This kind object was the first thing in his mind, but he had also a second purpose, a patriotic one. Oglethorpe was a soldier, and he pointed out to the King, George II., that these freed debtors, if planted to the south of Carolina, would form a barrier to protect the colonies from the



HOISTING THE SPANISH FLAG:
THE FIRST FLAG IN FLORIDA. PAGE 25.

The “Old Thirteen”

Spaniards, who held Florida, and who were very troublesome neighbours. The King gave Oglethorpe a great tract of land between Carolina and Florida, and it was called Georgia in honour of the monarch. Some famous names are met with in the early history of Georgia. John and Charles Wesley went out there—John as a preacher and Charles as secretary to Governor Oglethorpe. George Whitefield also visited Georgia, and preached in the little settlements. He loved the colony, and founded an orphan home in it—a place in which he took a deep interest to the end of his life.

CHAPTER V

THE GREAT QUARREL

THE "Old Thirteen" colonies lay along the Atlantic sea-board like a fringe to the vast continent. When, in the middle of the eighteenth century, adventurers began to strike westwards, they came into contact with the French. At that time the French held Canada, and they wished also to seize the land to the south, and shut up the English in their sea-board colonies. But the English were not willing to see the French flag float over the rest of America, and there was sharp fighting between the English troops, aided by the colonists, and the French, aided by the Indians. In the end the English triumphed. Wolfe seized Quebec in 1759, and the French power was destroyed at a blow. From that day the French have held no effective rule in North America.

When the fighting with the French was over, a time of peace arrived for the colonies. But it was only the lull before the storm, before a greater storm than any that had yet arisen. At that moment there was no thought in the mind of any American that he would not die a British citizen, that he would ever give up his allegiance to Old England, however deeply he might love the New. Yet in a few years that undreamed-of situation had arrived : the New Englander had cast off

The Great Quarrel

all bonds which held him to the old country, and had come to hate the very name of King.

How was this striking change brought about? By the stupidity of George III., then King of England, and of his Ministers, who tried to fetter the limbs of a free people, and found that all ties, whether friendly or unfriendly, were broken in the struggle.

In England Ministers were short of money. It occurred to Lord Grenville, Chancellor of the Exchequer, that some help to the Treasury would be afforded by taxing the Americans, so he passed a Stamp Act, which provided that all legal documents should be written on stamped paper. This paper was to be sold by Government agents, and the money paid for it would be handed over to Government. Grenville said that he would use part of the money to maintain a British garrison in America to protect the colonists.

The Americans were furious. They declared that no Government in the world should tax them without their own consent. The New Englanders broke into open riot, attacked the stamp-distributors, and burned the stamps. In a short time the Stamp Act was repealed, to the great joy of the colonists.

But in a short time fresh quarrels arose. The Ministers in England were still resolved to tax the colonists, and George III. strongly supported them. Fresh taxes were imposed, and among them was one of threepence per pound on tea. The Americans still stubbornly refused to be taxed against their will, and every effort was made to prevent people from buying or selling the articles upon which had been laid the hated English tax. This feeling came to a head in

America

1773. Ships laden with tea had sailed into four American ports. At three of them the colonists refused to trade, and the ships returned to England, their cargoes unopened. But the ships which entered Boston Harbour met with a different fate. A party of Boston citizens, dressed and painted to look like Red

Indians, boarded the vessels, broke open the chests with hatchets, and threw the tea into the water.



Emptying the Tea into Boston Harbour.

In a short time it became clear that the quarrel had risen to such a height that no peaceable settlement could be found. King George and his Ministers were resolved to crush the colonists; the colonists were resolute in standing up for their rights, and war broke out in the spring of 1775—the famous War of American Independence.

The first skirmishes took place at Lexington and Concord, and at once it was seen that the hardy, self-reliant hunters and woodsmen and farmers would make grim and stubborn opponents for the British regulars.

The first serious struggle took place at Bunker Hill, near Boston, where the Americans had seized a height overlooking the town and fortified it. The British marched to seize it, were driven back twice, but rallied for a third rush, and took the position at the

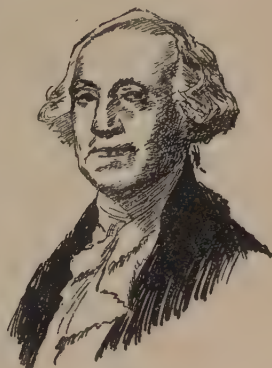
The Great Quarrel

point of the bayonet, after suffering very heavy loss.

The American States had already met in Congress, every State, save Georgia, sending delegates to confer together upon the condition of the country. Among these men was one who was to win himself a great name—a name which would live not only in America, but in the world, as a great statesman, soldier, and patriot—Virginia sent George Washington.

“First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen”—that is the national estimate of George Washington, and it is well deserved. He was of the true order of great men. He had wisdom and courage, and loved his country ; he was eager to do and dare, but never rash ; he was true and honest in all he undertook ; and, above all, he was lofty of soul and serene in temper under the harshest trial. No matter how black the future seemed, or how severely he was tried by the treachery or ingratitude of those for whom he laboured, he went calmly, steadily on, doing his duty, and never fearing but that the right would prevail.

Congress showed that it could pick the right man for the right place when it chose George Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the American forces, and he at once took command of the troops gathered before Boston. He found the army there in a feeble state, while the British had strong forces. But the English Generals were inactive men, who made no use of their



Washington.

America

strength, and when Washington seized some heights which commanded the city, the British gave up Boston, and, in doing so, gave up New England. The scene of war now shifted to New York.

But before the fighting began near New York a great step was taken. On July 4, 1776, the Declaration of American Independence was issued. In this document the claims of King George to rule over the thirteen colonies were cast aside, and the colonies declared themselves to be free and independent States.

There were great rejoicings among the Americans over the Declaration of Independence, but they were soon to know the darkest hour of their trial. Lord Howe, with a powerful British army, beat a part of Washington's force, took New York, and forced Washington to retire. Disaster after disaster happened to the American cause, and great numbers of Washington's men lost heart and deserted. At last he had but 4,000 men under his command, and these were in most wretched case. They were poorly armed, ragged, and badly fed, without blankets to warm them, tents to shelter them, or shoes for their feet. But Washington kept them together, and during the winter made two successful attacks on the enemy—exploits which roused the spirits of the American people, and caused unbounded trust to be placed in the great leader.

During the next summer the Americans lost ground before the British troops until the autumn, when a British army was captured at Saratoga. Despite this success, when Washington went into winter quarters at Valley Forge, the American cause was at its lowest ebb. All despaired save the serene, cool, undaunted

The Great Quarrel

General. He held his position at Valley Forge under the most desperate circumstances. His men were left for days together without meat, and sometimes without bread. They had to sit closely around their camp-fires to keep themselves warm, for they had no blankets



and very poor clothes. When they marched out over the snow they left bloodstains to mark their track, for many were without shoes. But their great commander held them together, and so filled them with his own spirit that they were always ready to face the enemy.

After the terrible winter things began to turn in favour of the Americans. There was a good deal of fighting up and down the country. Sometimes the British won, some-

American Light Horse, time of Washington.

times the Americans, but the cause of the latter steadily advanced, until in October, 1781, Washington captured the British army at Yorktown, Virginia. The British were under Lord Cornwallis, and when he had surrendered to the Americans the war was over.

In this way Great Britain lost her greatest colonies, and the United States of America came into being, to form a mighty independent nation. It is almost certain that under any circumstances this gigantic offshoot of the Anglo-Saxon race would have left the Mother-Country, and gone on its way alone. But it would have

America

been much better if the parting could have been made in peace and friendship. That it was not so was largely the fault of an obstinate King and of Ministers who gave bad advice. It should never be forgotten that the English people as a nation were not the enemies of their American brethren. Right through the war there were great numbers of English who opposed the doings of English Ministers and felt a deep sympathy with the colonists, and rejoiced when they became free and independent.



CHAPTER VI

THE REPUBLIC

THE Americans now formed themselves into a Republic, over which they placed a President, chosen by the people. Each President was to hold office for a term of four years, and, naturally, George Washington was the first to take this great place. No one else so wise and clear-sighted could have been found to guide the fortunes of the infant Republic, and when his first term was over, he was re-elected to a second term. When that closed it was the general wish that he should enter upon a third term. But Washington would not do that. He was getting old and weary of public life. He longed for peace and a quiet life on his estate. He retired in 1796, and died three years later. He was deeply mourned by his countrymen, who felt that they had lost the greatest man that the American Revolution had brought forth. His name still lives in the affections of all Americans as "the Father of his Country," and it is borne by the capital of the Republic.

Washington, as President, had, perhaps, more power than any President who held that post in later days. He governed the country with more authority than many a crowned King held in his own land. Nor was

America

Washington careless of dignity, as were many of the Presidents who followed him. He rode in a coach-and-four, and on great occasions in a coach-and-six. His birthday was kept in state like that of a King. On days of ceremony he wore Court dress. Admission to his receptions and parties was only given to chosen guests, instead of all being free to seek his presence. This state was kept, not to gratify personal pride, but because Washington looked upon his post as head of the nation with deep respect, and desired that others should respect it too.

The early years of the Republic were full of trouble and difficulty. The country was in a state of great unrest. Although the British power had been overthrown, there were great numbers of Americans who were still loyal to the core. They had been born under the British flag, had grown up under it, and nothing could destroy their affection for the Mother-Country. These people, the loyalists, suffered very severely when the British power fell. They left their homes and marched northwards to Canada, resolved to die British subjects. In all some 60,000 of them fled to British soil, to escape from the wrath of the victors in the struggle.

The English-speaking race in America now fell into two divisions, for Canada remained within the British Empire, and was severed from the United States. The division, too, went deeper than a matter of mere territory, for the people who had fled from the new Republic felt a deep bitterness against those who had driven them from their homes, and this feeling was very slow to die away.

The Republic

Through this time of difficulty, when the new government had to be arranged, the debts of the war paid, and the position of the new State made good among the nations of the world, the judgment and wisdom of Washington were of the greatest importance to his country. Many of the difficulties had been smoothed over before he handed the reins of office to John Adams, the new President. Adams is famous as the first Ambassador of the new country to Great Britain, its parent, and so lately its foe.

It was a striking moment when the American Ambassador was presented at the English Court, and found himself face to face with George III., the King who had fought so hard to hold the colonists down. Yet, to the credit of the King, it must be said that he spoke warm and cordial words of welcome to the man who had been born his subject, and was now the representative of a nation which had torn itself from his rule. "I wish you, sir," he said, "to believe, and that it may be understood in America, that I have done nothing in the late contest but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do by the duty which I owe to my people. I will be very frank with you. I was the last to consent to the separation ; but, the separation having been made, and having become inevitable, I have always said, as I say now, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States as an independent power."

The chief event under the rule of Adams was the quarrel with France. France had given great help to the colonists in their struggle with England, and the friendship grew closer after France also became

America

a Republic in 1793. But France went too far. She began to look down upon the United States, and called upon her for tribute. The Americans were up in arms at once. "Millions for defence, but not a cent for tribute," was the watchword. There was a little fighting at sea, but in the end an open outbreak of war was avoided, and a treaty was made with France. It is sad to say that the next war of the Republic was another struggle with England, and this broke out in 1812.



Chesapeake and Shannon.

CHAPTER VII

1812

IN the month of June, 1812, the United States declared war upon Great Britain, both by land and sea. Why did they do this? To grasp the reasons we must look at the state of things in Europe at that day.

It was the time of the great struggle between England and France. Napoleon was the master of France, and of almost the whole of Europe, and he was putting forth every effort to crush England, the only nation that he had reason to fear. England struck a blow at his power by proclaiming that the coasts of the countries owning the sway of Napoleon were under blockade. The meaning of this is that the British ships of war would prevent all merchant vessels from approaching those coasts, and carrying supplies to them. Any vessels trying to run the blockade would be seized and become forfeit to the captors.

Napoleon replied by declaring the British Isles in a state of blockade, and thus both French and British waters became very dangerous places for merchant vessels of other nations. Now, the Americans had many merchant vessels, and did a large carrying trade. Numbers of American ships tried to run the blockade and land their cargoes. The dangers were great, but if a ship got safely through to a port it made great profits, for the blockade caused prices to be high. And there were plenty of ships ready to run the risks in view of the

America

rich reward. Of these ships many were seized by British and French war-vessels, and this caused much anger in America.

But the Americans had another cause of quarrel with the British, and that was over their seamen. At that time British seamen were treated very badly. Their pay was low, their food was poor, their treatment was harsh, for they were often severely flogged for trifling offences. On the American merchant vessels pay, food, and treatment were much better, and British sailors often deserted from their own ships and took service with the Americans.

The British authorities became very angry when they found that their men were deserting in large numbers, and they gave orders that American ships should be stopped and searched to see if any of these deserters were on board. If any such men were found they were at once to be seized and taken back to their former service. We may be sure that this "right of search" claimed by the British gave deep offence to the Americans. Soon it was declared that British officers were seizing American seamen as well as British deserters, and there can be no doubt that many Americans were carried on board British men-of-war and compelled to fight for a country to which they did not belong. Again, some men said that, though they had once been British subjects, they had now settled in the United States and become Americans. To this plea the British authorities would not listen; they declared that a man born in England was once and for all an English subject, and that he could not belong to any other nation.

Things went so far that a British warship attacked an American vessel in order to enforce the search for men, and such acts as these so inflamed the temper of the Americans that in the end they declared war against Britain. It was not a great conflict, and little glory fell to either side. There was some fighting by land in Canada, and the Americans felt sure they would gain that great province, but they did not. The Canadian settlers, the French Canadians in particular, rallied to the support of the British troops, and the Americans were driven back. On their side the British landed a force of regular troops, whose commander led them to attack the capital. Washington was taken with ease. Then an act of wicked folly was committed. The public building, the Capitol, the President's house, and the Government offices, were burned to the ground. This wanton destruction was much resented by the Americans, and is a blot upon the British conduct of the war.

At sea the Americans met at first with much good-fortune. Their navy was very small, but the ships in it were good and the men well trained, so that when several duels occurred, ship meeting ship, the Americans scored victory after victory. The most famous fight of the war was that between the British *Shannon*, Captain Broke, and the American *Chesapeake*, Captain Lawrence. The battle was fought off Boston, in full sight of the townspeople. The struggle was short and desperate. Within fifteen minutes from the first shot, the British, splendidly led by Broke, swept aboard the American and carried her. Broke was badly wounded; Lawrence was killed; the *Chesapeake* was taken off as a prize.

America

The war ended with a British defeat. Peace had already been signed at Ghent, but the news could only travel slowly by sailing-ship across the Atlantic, and General Pakenham knew nothing of it when he launched a British army against the ramparts which defended New Orleans. The Americans, under General Jackson, made a stubborn defence, and from the cover of their breastworks shot down the British assailants and repulsed them with great slaughter. Pakenham was killed at the head of his men.

It was a great relief to both sides when peace was declared. The United States had suffered very severely. Their trade had been destroyed by the naval power of Britain, and grass grew on the wharves of once busy seaports. The Americans could raise neither men nor money to continue the struggle ; the British were half-hearted. A peace was made which left things very much as they were ; but it was peace, and all rejoiced. Since that day British and Americans have never faced each other in strife, and every lover of both great nations hopes with all his heart and soul that they never will.

CHAPTER VIII

THE GROWTH OF AMERICA

AFTER the war of 1812 America settled down to a period of domestic peace, in which she grew with marvellous vigour. From the earliest days of New England there had been a certain amount of movement to the West, but now it became a wild rush. The States along the coast had suffered very much in the hard times before and during the war. Many merchants had been ruined, and in their ruin the people whom they employed had been reduced to poverty. Many New England farms were bare and sterile, and the farmer could gain but little from the niggardly soil. And when these people had heard the stories which hunters and travellers told of the wide, rich lands of the West, where Indians chased the buffalo over broad grassy plains, and great rivers ran through deep forests, all were filled with a desire to travel



Settler's Cabin.

thither and set up a new home in that fertile country.

From 1816 to 1820 this movement was at its height, and the great highways to the West were choked with emigrants. Day by day the great waggons, loaded with

America

household goods and those too young or too feeble to walk, rolled on and on, until the "movers," as they were called, had reached the frontier of civilization. At this point they halted, and each family took up the farm of one hundred and sixty acres granted by the Government, and proceeded to settle in its new home.

The first thing done was to build a "half-faced camp." This was the name given to a shed which formed their first shelter. A number of saplings were cut down and set up on three sides of a square; the front was left open; the roof was formed of saplings laid across and covered with sheets of bark. Here the family camped until the clearing was formed. All set to work and grubbed up the bushes or cut down the trees which covered the land. As soon as they had cleared a patch, they set their seeds and planted their crops.

Now they had time to think of a more permanent dwelling—not a house, of course, that would be a later development, but something not only warmer but stronger than the "half-faced camp." This would be a log-cabin built from the stout trunks of the felled trees, its chinks plastered with mud or stuffed with moss, and its roof covered with sheets of bark or with shingles or wooden tiles. These log-huts, when built by capable hands, were roomy and comfortable dwelling-houses, and served the settlers well until improving fortunes allowed them to build regular houses.

The log-cabin, too, could be made very strong, and this was a quality to be thought of on the frontier, where the settlers were constantly exposed to the attacks of the Indians. The latter felt very angry when they saw the white men invading their hunting-grounds, and they

The Growth of America

attacked outlying posts, seeking to burn their houses to the ground, and to kill and scalp the "pale-faces."

Against these enemies the frontier settlements were guarded by the "backwoodsmen." Among the whites there were many hunters and trappers who loved the wilderness as dearly as did the Red Indian himself. They were men who lived under the open sky much more than under a roof, who hunted the buffalo for its skin, the wild creatures of the forest for their furs, the bear



A Trapper.

for its hide. Clad in cap and tunic of leather, wearing the Indian mocassins (shoes of soft hide) on their feet, carrying their trusty rifles and hunting-knives, they formed the foremost fringe of the white advance-guard. As the settlements grew up behind them, so they crept forward to new trapping-grounds, and upon them fell the brunt of Indian fighting.

They were the men above all to undertake that fierce work. In forest-craft they were the equal and sometimes the superior of the painted braves. They could steal through the woods as silently as an Indian; they could read a track where another man could not detect a sign; they knew every art and trick of savage warfare; they were deadly shots with the rifle. These were the guards of the emigrant settlements, the backwoodsmen, the famous "Indian fighters."

Farther and farther into the heart of the continent spread the frontier-line. By road and river the settlers poured in. The great tributaries of the mighty Mississippi became highways of travel dotted with big

America

flat boats, arks, rafts, and clumsy vessels called "broad-horns," each loaded with settlers and their goods. The West became changed with marvellous rapidity. Silent forest glades were invaded, axes rang, and a village of wooden houses sprang up. A few years passed and it had become a town. The forest had gone, and crops were golden where trees had waved in the sunshine. In this way State after State was carved out of the vast stretch of empty country which ran from the early colonies right away to the Pacific, and a beginning was made of that huge chess-board of States which now stretches across the continent.



An Old
Pioneer's
Gun.

One State, admitted in 1812 to the Union, was gained by purchase. This was the great southern State of Louisiana. It had been formerly a French possession, and was bought from Napoleon in 1803. A further part of the Louisiana purchase became the State of Missouri, and this was admitted to the Union in 1820.

These changes took place under President Monroe, whose name is still well remembered as the author of the very important "Monroe Doctrine." This doctrine sets forth the views of the United States as to the conduct of European Powers in the American continents. It says that the United States would not be willing to see Europe setting up fresh colonies in any portion of America, nor would it be willing to see any European authority interfering in the affairs of any American State. In effect it says to Europe, "Hands off America!"

Steadily the United States spread across the vast

The Growth of America

continent. It took in Texas, a wide stretch of country beyond Missouri, and this brought the Americans into conflict with Mexico, who looked upon Texas as their own. There was a war with Mexico in 1846, but the feeble Mexicans were easily beaten by the American troops under General Scott. Mexico was now compelled to give up an enormous territory running westwards from Texas to the shores of the Pacific, and among this territory was the famous province of California. The United States now spanned the continent from ocean to ocean.

Very soon the eyes of the whole world became fixed on the new American possession of California. This was caused by the discovery of gold. One day in January, 1848, a man was enlarging a ditch on the banks of a tributary of the Sacramento River. The ditch was meant to carry away the water from the wheel of his sawmill, and it had proved too small. In the mud of this ditch the man saw some glittering particles. He picked out one of the larger ones, and thought it looked like gold. He beat it between two stones and it spread out in a thin mass, and now he felt sure it was gold. He took it to the man who employed him, and his employer applied tests and proved that gold it was.

Soon it was found that gold was present in the soil in great quantities. It was in the rock of the hillsides ; it was in the sand of the rivers, in dust, and flakes, and nuggets ; it was in the soil in some places as if the spot had been sown with gold. The news went abroad with lightning rapidity. At the thrilling cry of "Gold ! Gold !" men left all their quiet, humdrum occupations and hurried to the "Golden State," as California was soon called. The farmer left his plough, the trader left his

America

shop, the sailor deserted from his ship, the soldier even fled from his regiment, to join in the maddening search for gold. Streams poured across the continent from New England, from the South, from Canada. And then ships from every shore brought new bands of adventurers, the "Argonauts of '49," into the bay of San Francisco. Like Jason, they pictured themselves as in search of the Golden Fleece. Stories flew from mouth to mouth of men who had dug up great nuggets of gold, and made thousands of pounds in a single day.

Mining camps sprang up in every direction. Villages and towns were built, and valleys which had been empty and deserted swarmed with crowds of men, eagerly delving for the precious metal. Not all who set out for the Golden Land succeeded in reaching it. Those who came overland from the Atlantic States had a terrible journey. For more than two thousand miles of their way the path ran through an unknown wilderness, barred by lofty and desolate mountain ranges or by trackless plains, where water was not to be found and all vegetation disappeared in sterile deserts. Then there were the Indians to be reckoned with. These waylaid the pilgrims in search of gold, and slew many a small and poorly armed party. Sickness broke out among the travellers, and cholera carried off such numbers that thousands lay down to die and leave their bones to bleach in the wilderness. But no danger, no terror, could check the rush of gold-seekers. Still they came, and still their numbers grew, until California became well peopled, and was admitted, in 1850, to the Union.

CHAPTER IX

SLAVE OR FREE?

Now, while all these new States had been added to the Union, there had been going on fierce debates, of which we have not yet heard a word, but which we must now consider. When the question of admitting a new State arose, there was instantly heard the question: "Is it to be Slave or Free?"

What did this mean? It meant this: Was slavery to be permitted in that State or was it not? Were the people of the State to be at liberty to purchase black men and women to work for them, or were they not? Was it to be a State where only the whites were freemen, and the blacks were held in bondage, or was it to be a State where all men were free? Slavery had been present in America from the first. There had been slaves in Virginia, both white and black, and in New England the children of the Pilgrim Fathers made slaves of the captured Indians. For the matter of that, there were slaves in England. In old English newspapers may be seen advertisements of black slaves who have run away from their masters, and the latter offer a reward to those who will bring the runaways back.

But as time went on people began to have misgivings about holding their fellow-beings in bondage. This uneasy feeling was deepened when the truth became

America

known about the awful horrors of the slave-trade. The cruel traders packed their vessels so full of slaves that the poor creatures often had not room to lie down at full length or to stand up. They were forced to crouch closely together, and there they were left, often with little food or water, while the vessel sailed through tropical heat from Africa to America. We have noted that the first batch of negro slaves arrived in Virginia in 1620, and for nearly two hundred years this traffic went on, until the United States had a vast slave population.

Many of the best men of the early days of the United States were opposed to slavery. Washington did not approve of it, and though he held slaves, he left orders in his will that they should be set free. Nor were there many slaves in the North, in the New England States. It was not, to tell the truth, that the New England people disapproved so much of slavery, as that slaves were of little use to them. Slave labour can only hold its own where the work is simple and easy, and can be done without much thought. Now, the man who was going to win a living out of a bleak, bare New England farm had got to have a head on his shoulders, a pair of brawny arms, and a stout heart not afraid of work. Slave labour was no good to him.

In the South it was quite different. There the warm, delicious climate made the white man languid, but suited the black to perfection. There were vast sweeps of rich land, which would yield abundant crops of cotton, tobacco, and rice, under the simple working which a slave was well fitted to perform. From the first the Southern planters were eager to use slave



THE FIRST DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA... PAGE 45.

Slave or Free?

labour, and the traders found in their ports a brisk sale for as many of the unfortunate negroes as the slavers were able to steal.

The question of slavery arose from the first moment of the founding of the United States. The men who met to decide upon the form of government of the new nation were almost all opposed to slavery. They would have abolished the slave-trade, had not some of the Southern States assailed the proposal, and refused to join the Union if it were adopted. Thus, from the first, there was division between the North and the South on the question of slavery, though it could not be said that the North yet thought that slaveholding was wrong. But a time was at hand when the slave was to become ten times more precious to the Southern planter, and a number of causes worked together to make him so.

England was calling loudly for cotton to keep her looms busy. In 1768, Richard Arkwright had invented a cotton-spinning machine far ahead of anything yet known. In 1769, James Watt had given to the world the steam-engine. England was now furnished with machines and power ; all she wanted was cotton, and she was prepared to spin for the world.

Now, some of the Southern States contained great expanses of the finest cotton-growing land to be found. The crop was abundant, and the quality of the cotton was excellent. Yet the planters were in despair ; for before they could sell the cotton to England they must strip the seeds from the fibre, and this proved a most troublesome task. The seeds stuck so fast to the cotton that it was a day's work for a man to clean one pound

America

of cotton ready for export. So there was England crying out for cotton, and the planters at their wits' end how to prepare the staple. But the hour brought forth the man.

In 1792 a young New Englander, named Eli Whitney, paid a visit to Georgia, the land of the cotton-plant. He was wonderfully clever with hands and brain, a most skilful mechanic, and full of devices to overcome all kinds of difficulties. He heard of this great trouble of the planters, and looked into it. He obtained some cotton with the seeds sticking to it, and shut himself up with the uncleaned cotton to think matters over. He tried this, he tried that ; he made first one machine, then another, and at last he won a complete triumph. He built a machine which would clean cotton—a machine which in a single day would do the work of hundreds of men. This was Whitney's cotton-gin.

This machine gave a tremendous spur to the growing of cotton, and the planters sought eagerly for more and more slaves to till their lands. Slavery struck its roots deeply in the Southern States, as the oak strikes its roots into the soil ; and as the oak can only be uprooted by a terrible storm, so was a mighty tempest needed to uproot slavery.

The first muttering of this tempest was heard when Northern men began to feel that slavery was wrong in itself, and not a fitting thing to exist in a country which called itself the "land of the free." The slave-holding States became angry and uneasy when they heard of Northerners who denounced slavery, and said the wealth wrung from slave labour was ill-gotten gold. They felt, if the Free States became a majority in

Slave or Free?

the Union, that their grip upon their slaves might be loosened, and that the slaves might even be taken from them and set free.

The very thought of such a thing lashed the slaveholder into fury. He looked upon the black men, women, and children upon his plantation as his property, and considered that his power over them was absolute. Many planters had gained great wealth from the labour of their slaves; many others had made large fortunes in buying and selling them. So the Slave States put forth every effort to maintain their power in the Union. They fought hard to gain as many of the new States as possible for the slave-owners, and they demanded that when a Free State entered the Union, a Slave State should be included to balance it. In 1820 the Government took a step which it was hoped would settle the question, when the "Missouri Compromise" was made. There was a great struggle between the slave-holders and their opponents whether Missouri should be a Slave State or a Free State. An agreement was made. Missouri was admitted as a Slave State, but a line was drawn south of Pennsylvania, and along the Ohio River, dividing the Slave States from the Free. North of this line lay the Free States, south of it the Slave States, and from this time on, North and South drifted farther and farther apart on the question of slavery.

CHAPTER X

THE SHADOW OF THE BLACK MAN

ALTHOUGH the planters of the South clung firmly to the negro as a piece of valuable property, yet they lived, to a great extent, in terror of him. The shadow of the black man lay dark and ugly across many and many a white household. What did they fear? They were in dread of a rising of the blacks, of a paying back with interest of the many wrongs heaped upon the negro. The fear was deepened by the fact that the slaves in many districts far outnumbered their owners. The blacks were ten to one of the whites, and, had they broken out, they would have been irresistible by sheer weight of numbers.

For the most part, the slaves were held down by the force of terror. The slave code of the South was hideous. It permitted the flogging of the negro as a matter of course. On many plantations the slaves were in charge of overseers, who kept them at work with the lash, so that the term "nigger-driver" has become a byword. Among these men it was often debated which was the better plan, whether to work the slaves fairly, and so make them last, or whether to lash them to top speed, use them right up, and buy fresh when the wornout



A Nigger-Driver

The Shadow of the Black Man

slaves dropped in the furrow. If the latter method was followed, and a slave was flogged to death, what ensued? Nothing, save that a fresh slave must be purchased. It was laid down upon the highest legal authority that a slave had no rights which a white man was bound to respect.

When the owner needed a new slave he went to the slave-market and bought one, just as a farmer goes to market to buy a cow or a horse. To the market slaves were driven in gangs, very often lashed together by chains, in order that they might not attempt to escape. Sometimes a planter, short of money, sent up a whole family at once—father, mother, and children. From that day the poor creatures might never see each other again—the father sold to one purchaser, the mother to another, the children to other buyers. The child was torn from the arms of its weeping mother and sold for a small sum ; the husband was parted from the wife. The tears and cries of the poor creatures were no more regarded than the lowing of cattle !

The negro who was of quiet and blameless life was treated with the greatest harshness, and every effort made to keep him at the lowest point of humanity. It was a crime to teach him to read. If a white man did that, he was put in gaol ; if a black man did so, it meant a cruel flogging. He was not allowed to learn a trade, lest that should raise him above his lowly station. If at any point he resisted his master's will, it was lawful to slay him. If he would not stand to be flogged, it was lawful to shoot him down as he ran.

But in the case of a negro who did wrong there was absolutely nothing to protect him against the most

America

fiendish cruelty. It was quite common to burn to death a negro accused of crime. Any negro found away from his quarters was at once looked upon as a wrongdoer, and it was lawful to seize him and scourge him, for he was at once suspected of a desire to escape; and the thought of an escaping negro aroused the most furious rage in the mind of the slave-owner: it was the nightmare of his days that some of his best workers might slip away and seek freedom.

So the slave who tried to escape found every slave-owner's hand against him. If he fled into the swamp



Slave-Hunting.

or the wilderness, he soon heard the bay-ing of blood-hounds on his track. These dogs were carefully trained to track out a fugitive slave, to seize and to hold him until the pursuers came up; his name and description, too, were sent far and wide, and all whites were on the lookout for

him, eager to take him and hand him back to his master. And if that master slew a fugitive slave, he had full legal liberty to do so, and to employ what means he pleased. Very often, if an owner suspected that a slave meant to escape, he had the man branded with a red-hot iron, in order that he might more easily be recognized if he once got away.

The Shadow of the Black Man

This was the black side of slavery in the South ; but it would be very wrong for us to suppose that these things happened on every plantation. Not at all. Many of the planters were kindly, humane people, and treated the blacks as well as they treated their own children. This kindly care was shown, above all, to the household slaves, those who were in personal attendance on their owners, and whose lot was very easy as compared with plantation slaves, who were often regarded as mere beasts of burden.

And yet, to the slave whose lot was easy and whose fortune was good, the future was dark and uncertain. Many a slave who had lived in comfort for a large part of his life came to the hammer when his master died and the master's possessions were sold, and his fortunes underwent a miserable change. From comfort he went to misery, and from kindness to stripes and harsh treatment.

In 1829 a negro named David Walker wrote a pamphlet, a little book, called "Walker's Appeal." It was a call to the free blacks to assist their slave brethren. It went so far as to advise the slaves to rise against their masters when the time was ripe. This pamphlet was printed and scattered over the South. It got into the hands of many negroes, and its contents were talked over among the slaves. In a short time, to the great terror of the South, there was a rising among the slaves of Virginia. It was led by a black named Nat Turner, and is remembered as "Nat Turner's Rebellion." It was quickly put down, and put down with terrible cruelty. "Every negro concerned in it, together with many who were not, was hanged, shot, mutilated, or beheaded."

America

But the shadow of the black man lay deeper still over the whites after this rising, and every alarm caused instant affright. Men placed loaded weapons beside their beds, ready for instant use ; mothers, roused in the night by any strange sound, flew to the bedsides of their children, dreading they knew not what.

The patrol system of Charleston gave evidence of this overmastering fear. This city, the capital of the great Slave State of South Carolina, was shut up early in the evening, and its streets handed over to patrols, who stopped and questioned all who were abroad, and arrested every black who had not leave from his employer. This, too, was done not only in the darker days of the year, but in full summer-time, when the evening was sweet, and it would have been pleasant to stroll out after the stifling heat of the Southern noon. But a day of brighter hope for the negro was dawning, a faint rift was opening in the night of gloom which encompassed him. In the North men were bestirring themselves to arouse the conscience of the nation on this matter.



A NEGRO SLAVE MARKET. PAGE 59.

CHAPTER XI

THE STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM

ON January 1, 1831, a young printer named William Lloyd Garrison published in Boston the first number of a little paper which he called the *Liberator*. The paper was small, but it had a great object. It pleaded with the nation to abolish slavery in the United States. Garrison was very poor, and could not afford to employ anyone to help him. He wrote the articles for the paper, set them up in type, printed them, and sold the sheets. He lived chiefly on bread and water, but when a weekly number happened to sell in larger numbers than usual, he indulged in a bowl of milk.

In this way, in that mean back street in Boston, began a great and noble career. There was sown the seed which, in the fulness of time, was to grow into a great tree, overshadowing the nation. No one dreamed that Garrison's work would ever have any such effect. While the *Liberator* was still young, a person in authority in the South wrote to the Mayor of Boston and asked him to suppress the paper. The Mayor looked into the matter, and carelessly replied that it was not worth the trouble. The editor's office, he said, was "an obscure hole, his only visible helper a negro boy, his supporters a few insignificant persons of all colours."

But for all that, the little paper made its mark from the start. There were many people who agreed with its views, and anti-slavery societies sprang up in all

America

directions. The object of these friends of the negro was to abolish slavery, and they became known as Abolitionists. In the South the greatest anger was felt against all Abolitionists, and they called upon their friends in the North to put down this movement by force. They had many friends in the North, for large numbers of powerful and wealthy people in the Northern States were as deeply interested in the slave question as any planter. Rich merchants not only supplied goods to Southern customers, but also lent great sums of money to planters to work the plantations. They received heavy interest on these advances ; but where would both interest and capital be if there were no slaves to grow cotton, rice, and tobacco ? “ A New York trader would tell Abolitionists plainly that he knew as well as they did that slavery was wrong, but New York commerce was bound up with it, and Abolitionists must be put down.”

Every effort was made to put them down. Mobs of ruffians were employed to break up anti-slavery meetings, the leaders of the movement were threatened with death, the printing-offices of anti-slavery papers were torn to the ground. Nor was it always the lowest of the people who took part in these assaults. Garrison himself was seized in Boston by a crowd of “ highly respectable citizens,” and dragged through the streets by a rope lashed round his body. They would have murdered him had not a sudden rush of the police freed him from their clutches, and the police were obliged to put him into the gaol to secure his safety. The State of Georgia offered five thousand dollars for his head.

In some places schools had been opened where negro

The Struggle for Freedom

children were taught. These were wrecked, and the teachers driven away with insults by the friends and allies of the slave-owners. In the free State of Illinois a young clergyman, Mr. Lovejoy, set up a newspaper in which he wrote against slavery. The mob attacked his office and threw his printing-press into the river. He bought another press, and the mob attacked the warehouse where it was stored. There was a struggle and shots were exchanged. Mr. Lovejoy came out to remonstrate with the crowd, and was shot down, pierced by five bullets. The warehouse was burned to the ground, the press destroyed, the editor slain, and the slave cause left triumphant.

But in spite of every effort of their opponents, the power of the Abolitionists grew steadily. When one press was silenced, another began to print, and a vast flood of anti-slavery tracts and pamphlets was poured over the South. At Charleston a mob broke into the post-office, seized the mails, carried all the anti-slavery tracts to a public square, and burned them. This act was approved by the Government, for the President was on the side of the slave-owners, and the latter were a great political power in the land.

It was, in some places, unsafe for a Northern man to travel in the South, excepting he was in the company of people who could answer for him. He at once fell under suspicion of being an Abolitionist who had come to stir up the slaves against their masters, and it is certain that Northern men were murdered on the mere suspicion that they were opposed to slave-holding, and were there to aid slaves to escape. This aiding in the escape of slaves became a regular feature of the time.

America

When a slave fled from his master he aimed at reaching Canada, where he would be safe and free under the British flag. To enable him to do this a system of posts was established, and he was passed from one point to another until he was safely over the border. This system became known as the "underground railway."

The slave-owners did their utmost to recapture these fugitives. It was lawful for them to pursue the escaping slave into a Free State and seize him there, but in practice this became a very difficult thing to do. In a Free State there were so many ready to help the fleeing slave, to hide him, feed him, and throw his pursuers off the track, that in nine cases out of ten the hunters had to turn back without seizing their prey.

Now, in 1850, the slave-holding party was very sore indeed because California had been declared a Free State and not a Slave State. In fact, there were Southern States which began to drop hints that they would withdraw from the Union. This threat had always great power in the North, where the Union of the States was looked upon as a sacred thing, and a bond not to be broken on any account. The North, too, was rich and prosperous, and wanted peace and quietness in which to extend its swiftly-growing trade, and to heap higher its great wealth. To pacify the South, a law was passed called the Fugitive Slave Law. By this law not only was the slave-owner able to pursue an escaped slave into any State of the Union, but he could also call on an officer of the Government and all good citizens to aid him. But the worst blot upon this black and shameful law was the position in which it placed the negro who was seized. In case of a trial he could give

The Struggle for Freedom

no evidence on his own behalf, and the pursuer had only to make oath that the man belonged to him, and the negro was handed over.

Under this law many negroes who had fled to the North and lived there for many peaceful years were sought out and dragged back to slavery. And there arose gangs of ruffians who coolly laid claim to free blacks, swearing they were escaped slaves, and often carried them away to the South, where they sold them into slavery. This cruel law had the effect of opening the eyes of the people of the North to horrors they had heard of, but never seen.

It was one thing to read of the sufferings of slaves, but when they saw the slave-hunters in their very midst, saw a man whom they knew as a quiet, harmless creature dragged through the streets in chains, saw the blows which were rained on him to quicken his faltering steps, then their hearts swelled with grief and sympathy, and time and again they rose to snatch him from the hands of his captors. In Boston, the town which had been the nurse of American freedom, a negro named Anthony Burns was seized. The people rose and tried to rescue him. There was a fierce fray, and blood was shed. The soldiers were called out to protect the slave-hunters, and the unhappy captive was led away in the midst of troops, through crowds of enraged citizens, and through streets hung with black in token of shame and sorrow.

Such doings as these added many friends to the party of the Abolitionists, and filled many Northern hearts with the deepest hatred of slavery, and before long there broke out real warfare between slave-owners and Free-Soilers, as the supporters of Free States were often

America

called. In 1855 the great State of Kansas was being settled. Should it become a Slave State or a Free State? That was the question, and the slave-owners were resolved it should be a Slave State.

The Abolitionists were just as resolved it should be a Free State. The slave-owners were first in the field. Missouri was near at hand, and from that Slave State large numbers of friends of slavery swarmed into Kansas. Many of these men were "mean whites." A "mean white" was a poor white man who lived in a Slave State, and he appears to have been about as mean as any man, white or black, could well be. Here is a description of him: "The mean white is entirely without education, his house is a hovel of the very lowest description. Personally he walks in rags and filth. He cannot stoop to work, because slavery has rendered labour disreputable. He supports himself as savages do—by shooting, by fishing, by the plunder of his industrious neighbours' fields and folds. The negro, out of the unutterable degradation to which he has been subjected, looks with scorn on the mean white."

Such men as these poured in from the Slave States, and their leaders seized the government of the State and made laws in favour of slavery. All Free-Soil men became objects of attack. Many were wantonly murdered, and the State became notorious for the insecurity of life within its borders. But soon a steady stream of Free-Soilers began to pour in from the Northern States. They were later than the supporters of slavery in arriving, but they came in much greater numbers, and they came rifle in hand, ready to defend themselves and to fight for the cause of freedom.

The Struggle for Freedom

At first they had much trouble with the Missouri men, who destroyed their crops, burned their homesteads, and did all that was possible to drive them back. But the Free-Soilers were hard men to beat. They paid back their enemies blow for blow, and so severe were the pitched battles that were fought that men began to speak of "bleeding Kansas." Time, however, was on the side of the Free-Soilers. The South had no great number of settlers to spare to colonize Kansas, while from the Free States emigrants poured westwards in streams to reinforce the Free-Soilers. In the end the party of freedom carried the day, and Kansas entered the Union as a Free State.

Among the Free-Soil fighters of Kansas there was no one more famous than old John Brown. He hated slavery with all his heart, and he and his sons fought in Kansas until the victory was won. One of his sons was shot in Kansas, but others were still left to him. He was a wonderful leader and fighter, and the settlers who followed him cared little for the odds against them if John Brown was in command.

When the fighting in Kansas was over, John Brown marched into Virginia, with two of his sons and a small band of followers. He had resolved to strike a daring blow for freedom. He intended to seize a Government arsenal at Harper's Ferry, call the slaves of that countryside to his standard, arm them, and make war on the slave-owners. He seized the arsenal with its stores of arms and ammunition quite easily, but he could do no more. No slaves rose at his call, and soon he was besieged by a strong force of troops. He made a gallant defence, but in vain. His two sons were shot, and he,

America

severely wounded, was taken. He was tried, condemned to death, and hanged. He met his fate with wonderful calmness and courage. He had fought for freedom, and he was willing to die for it.

This famous raid of John Brown threw the whole country into a state of the wildest excitement. The South was filled with panic and rage, denouncing John Brown as a rebel, and clamouring for his death. In the North no one could say that his action was lawful, for it was not, but it was a blow struck at the hated slave system, and deep sympathy was felt for the old Ironsides. Efforts were made to save him, but it could not be ; his enemies were determined to destroy him. Yet did they only destroy his body ; his spirit passed into a whole nation in arms, and a Northern poet sang most truly when he wrote before John Brown was hanged :

“ But, Virginians, don't do it ! for I tell you that the flagon,
Filled with the blood of old Brown's offspring, was first poured by
Southern hands ;
And each drop from old Brown's life-veins, like the red gore of the
dragon,
May spring up a vengeful fury, hissing through your slave-worn
lands !

And old Brown,
Osawatomic* Brown,
May trouble you more than ever when you've nailed his coffin
down !”

And so he did. The blow which the old Abolitionist had struck in vain was re-echoed by tens of thousands of blows in the dreadful years of war which swiftly followed.

* He was often called Osawatomic Brown, because he once lived at a spot of that name.

CHAPTER XII

THE GREAT WAR—I

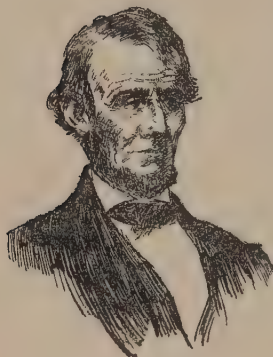
IN the year after the execution of John Brown, it came about that the United States had to elect a new President. Now there arose a tremendous and most exciting struggle between slavery and freedom. The Southern States fought with all their might to put a pro-slavery man into office; the Northern States opposed them with grim resolution. The North won. The new President was Abraham Lincoln, and he was an opponent of slavery.

Abraham Lincoln was the most striking and remarkable man that America has ever produced, and—saving Washington alone—the greatest. He was born in 1809, in Kentucky, but his father drifted to Indiana, and Lincoln's childhood was spent in a tiny log-cabin set in a dense forest, where Indians still roamed. His father was an idle, shiftless man, and the family was reduced to the utmost poverty. Abraham grew up a tall, thin boy, too busy on the farm ever to go to school for long at a time, and, all told, his school-days, if added together, would make less than a year. But he had a passion for learning; he read every book that he could lay his hands on; and, above all, he studied his fellow-men, and gained a great knowledge of human nature and of the thoughts and feelings of "plain people."

When he grew up he tried many ways of making a living, and at last settled down to be a lawyer. He

America

entered public life, and soon won a name for himself. When his tall, gaunt figure was reared on a platform, and the lips opened in the deeply-lined face, crowned with a rough shock of hair, there was instant silence among the listeners. They knew that a great speaker was about to charm them with a clear statement of the views he held, and they gave him their deep and close attention.



Abraham Lincoln.

He came to New York, and there he created as deep an impression upon cultivated and thoughtful people as he had done upon the simple and more homely people he had addressed in the West. He was made candidate for the

Presidency, and his supporters worked hard for him. The story of his life made many friends for Lincoln. All felt interest in the poor boy who had worked himself up from poverty to power, who had been famous as a rail-splitter before he gained wider notice, who was so tall, so strong, so ungainly, so queer-looking, so shrewd, so full of humour and common sense. There was general confidence in him ; everywhere he was known as "honest Abe," and when he was elected President there were rapturous outbursts of joy in the North.

In the South there was deep and bitter anger. The Slave States saw that their power in the Union was threatened, and that the North was resolved to abolish slavery. Very well, they would leave the Union, and the first to go was South Carolina. She was followed by other Southern States, and soon these States formed themselves into the Confederate States of America, and

The Great War—I

declared themselves a separate nation. They elected a President of their own, Jefferson Davis ; they seized upon the forts, arsenals, and stores of arms within their borders ; they hauled down the American flag, and ran up the flag of the Confederacy.

At first the North looked on, scarcely knowing what to do. Many Northern people said that the South were right in leaving the Union, and it was a good job to be rid of them. They quite agreed with the Southern view that each State had a right to say for itself whether it would stay in the Union or no ; that it had perfect liberty to leave the Union if it thought it would be better outside, or if it wished to form with other States a smaller Union, where the members would be in agreement.

But there was a very strong, deep feeling in the North in favour of the Union. The Northern people, as a body, felt that not this State nor that State was a nation, but that the nation was the United States of America, and that no State should be allowed to leave the Union or to haul down the flag which stood for the nation, the Stars and Stripes.

The North still hoped that matters would be arranged in peace, when the fiery and impetuous South gave the signal for strife. In the harbour of Charleston, the town whose streets had first echoed the cheers for the new Confederacy, and whose bells had rung merry peals when South Carolina left the Union, stood a fort called Fort Sumter. It was held by loyal soldiers for the Union, and the Stars and Stripes waved over it. The Confederate Government gave orders that it should be seized. At daybreak on April 12, 1861, a cannon was fired and a

America

shell burst over Fort Sumter. This was the first shot in the Great War, and it was fired by Confederate hands.

The fort was seized easily. But the roar of the Confederate guns did more, much more, than arouse the echoes in Charleston Bay. They woke the North. The cool, quiet North was hard to rouse, but this firing on the flag set every Northern heart aflame, and wrath blazed up to fever-heat. The South had believed that the North would not fight ; there was a terrible awakening ahead on that score. The North sprang to arms with one resolve, and that to preserve the Union, no matter what it might cost them in men or money.

President Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand men to form the first Federal army, and twice that number came forward as volunteers. It was soon seen that a much greater army would be needed, and before the end of the year the North had nearly seven hundred thousand men under arms. The Confederacy raised a large army, and, when the war was about a year old, the South called every active man to its service. In this way the whole manhood of the Southern States was drawn upon to supply soldiers, and for some time the supply was plentiful. This great war lasted four years. There were fought in all more than two thousand battles and skirmishes. Each side lost at least half a million men in battle, hospital, or prison. The North armed nearly three million men during the struggle. The South kept no record ; she merely swept all her men into the ranks.

What was the war about ? The North fought first for Union, then for the freedom of the slave. The South fought for the right of each State to stay in or

The Great War—I

out of the Union as it pleased, and in the second place for the right to maintain the slave system if they wished. It is only fair to say that there were many Southern men who denied most indignantly that they fought for slavery. They were quite right, too. First and foremost they loved their State, and placed her first and above the Union ; and in the second place, they resented most bitterly the doings ascribed to them as slave-holders. Many of them detested slavery, but could not see how to change the system with safety ; others could point to troops of happy and contented blacks working on their estates, and felt bitter anger when opinion in the North classed them with brutal “nigger-drivers” and the ruffians whose doings aroused to fury every friend of the slave.

At first there were many who thought that the South would be sure to win. They pointed out that the Southerner was, as a rule, a better shot, and marched and rode better than the Northerner. The former was a sportsman and a horseman, while the latter was a farmer or mechanic. In the South, too, the gentry were accustomed to command and the common people to obey ; in the North the private thought himself as good as his officer, and wanted to argue about a command if it struck him as a trifle unreasonable. But these people overlooked the fact that the North had many more men to draw on than the South, and the North was by far the richer of the two. When military supplies ran short in the South, money to buy fresh stores ran short too ; but the North had not only her vast factories to supply new materials, but abundant wealth with which to purchase in every market of the world.

CHAPTER XIII

THE GREAT WAR—II

THE first important battle in the great struggle was fought at Bull Run on Sunday, July 21, 1861. The Confederates gained the day, and the Northern troops retired upon Washington. It was feared for a time that the capital would be seized, but the Confederates did not follow up their advantage, and the city was saved. A great Northern army was now organized by General McClellan, and it was sent against Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy. Richmond, the chief town of Virginia, had been chosen as the seat of the Confederacy, and it stood at no very great distance south of

Washington. The strip of country between the two capitals became the great centre of the war. The Northern cry was "On to Richmond!" the Southern, "On to Washington!" and great armies swung to and fro and battled fiercely with each other in the space between the cities.



General Lee.

It was in the spring of 1862 that McClellan moved upon Richmond, but he was easily checked by General Lee, the great Southern leader. Robert E. Lee proved to be one of the greatest soldiers of modern times.

The Great War—II

He believed in the Union, but when his own State, Virginia, went out, he went with her, and offered his sword to the Southern cause. Had he not done so the war would never have lasted as it did. His skill and genius saved the situation again and again. Always he was contending with small armies against great, often with ill-fed, ill-clothed, and ill-armed troops against men supplied with all that wealth could afford, and yet he was rarely beaten. He was as good as he was able, and his noble character won for him the devoted love of his men and the deepest respect of his enemies.

Second to Lee in Southern eyes was General Jackson, known as "Stonewall Jackson." He won this name because in a time of panic he and his men stood steady as a stone wall. He was a splendid leader, and his men adored him. He was full of valour, energy, and daring. He was a deeply religious man, and found in his Bible arguments which convinced him that the blacks, the children of Ham, were destined to slavery, and that to free them was to act against the will of God. Such was his belief, and he was ready to fight hard for it.



Stonewall Jackson.

The summer and autumn of 1862 were spent by McClellan in advancing until he saw the spires of Richmond, and then retreating until he was in safety. But away in the West a strong man, who was to become the leader of the Federal armies, and to strike such blows as would dash the Confederacy to pieces,

America

was already in the field—General Grant was facing the Southern troops in Kentucky.

U. S. Grant was the son of an Ohio farmer ; he was trained for the army, and served with credit in the Mexican War. After a time he left the army, and tried to gain a living in various ways, farming and keeping a store. When the war broke out, he offered his services for the Union, and was appointed to command a regiment. But before long it was seen that this strong, silent man, who hit hard and followed his enemy up with unflinching resolution, was a great leader, and he rose step by step to be the Commander-in-Chief of the Federal forces.

In the autumn of 1862 General Lee boldly advanced against the North, and was met by McClellan at Antietam. Here a fierce battle was fought, after which Lee was compelled to retreat. And now President Lincoln took a step which filled the heart of every friend of the slave with joy. He resolved to issue a Decree of Emancipation. On January 1, 1863, he declared that every black in the Confederate States was free, and by this memorable decree more than three million slaves were freed from bondage.

Although McClellan had repulsed Lee at Antietam, he was shortly removed from his post on account of inactivity, and another officer appointed. But Lee won victory after victory, and in May, 1863, he overthrew a great Federal army at Chancellorsville. But the Confederates paid a great price for victory : Stonewall Jackson was killed. He was killed by accident, shot by his own men. In the dusk of evening he rode out to view the enemy's position. As he returned, he and

The Great War—II

his companions were mistaken for foes, and fired upon. Jackson received three bullets, and died in a few days.

Perhaps the most terrible of the many terrible battles of this great war was that of Gettysburg, fought in July, 1863. Here Lee was opposed by Meade, a Northern man who had succeeded to the command of the army formed by McClellan. Lee was hoping to march into Pennsylvania and carry the war into Northern territory. It was Meade's duty to hold him at bay.

Meade had no easy task. He had only been given supreme command two days before the battle. The men he commanded had been beaten by General Lee over and over again, and the latter was at the head of a powerful veteran army, full of hopes of victory. For three days North and South held each other in deadly grip at Gettysburg. On the first day Lee drove the Union troops back into the little town of Gettysburg, then through it, and on to a line of hills called Cemetery Ridge. Here Meade drew up his army, and resolved to hold the ridge or be crushed. The second day saw Lee fiercely attacking the ridge, but without dislodging the stubborn Northerners. The third day saw the crisis of this long, fierce battle. The morning was spent by both Generals in preparing for the terrible assault which was to be given and received. Lee massed his men for an attack on the Union centre ; Meade carefully placed his troops to cover the threatened point.

When all was ready a strange deep silence fell over the battle-field. On both sides men waited in tense, awful expectation of the signal for the final struggle. About one o'clock this ominous stillness was broken by the loud roar of artillery ; the guns on each side

America

began to hurl shot and shell. The cannon on the Union side became silent. The Confederates thought that the batteries were silenced—a fatal mistake. The Northern batteries had ceased firing in order to prepare for the assault which their commander felt sure was near at hand.

Half an hour later, full in the view of both armies, the Confederate infantry swept down from the ridge on which they were posted, dashed across the valley, and sprang up the heights on which the Northerners stood. It was a magnificent charge, driven home with splendid and dauntless courage, but delivered in vain. As those fine regiments, the flower and hope of the South, raced across the valley, the Northern batteries opened fire again with tremendous power, and smote them with a withering hail of shell and grape and canister, which cut frightful gaps in their ranks. Still they came on, and now the Union troops, lying behind walls and behind swiftly-built shelters, and in trenches, scourged them with a tempest of rifle-bullets, which lashed them with pitiless power and tore their formation into ribbons. Crushed by this terrible weight of fire, the assault crumpled up, and the Confederates broke in all directions. Some daring and desperate assailants charged up to the Union breastworks and over them, to be seized as prisoners, but many turned and fell back down the slope, losing heavily as they retired.

That wild and desperate charge had failed. The South had lost the day. It had lost much more : it had lost all hope of beating the North. The victory of Gettysburg saved the Union. In defeat Lee proved as great as in victory. He rallied his broken troops and

The Great War—II

retired in splendid order, and made his way back into Virginia.

On the day after Gettysburg another great victory rejoiced the North. Grant took Vicksburg, the last stronghold of the Confederates on the Mississippi, and the Southern cause fell to a low ebb in the West.

When the armies moved out of winter quarters in the spring of 1864, the cause of the South was hopeless. She had used up the flower of her manhood. She was now forcing into the ranks her boys and her old men, robbing, as was said, the cradle and the grave. Her troops were often starving, for she had no money to buy them food. They were ragged and half naked, for she could not find them clothes. Great numbers had no shoes, and bound old hats about their feet to save them from the flints and briers of the way. Pay they had none for many a day. Yet the South fought on. Another year of bitter struggle was to pass before she could be beaten to her knees.

On the Union side General Grant had risen to supreme command, and now grasped the whole war in his single hand. Now the Union armies, often before at cross-purposes, were moved in full support of each other, and Grant struck blow after blow at the Confederacy. He marched on Richmond and was faced by Lee, who blocked his way with wonderful skill. But Grant pushed forward in the most dogged fashion, hurling his men against Lee's lines again and again. He lost heavily, but he knew that Lee was also losing heavily, and this contented him. He had set out to wear down the Southern strength, and he was doing it. After a great battle the Northern losses

America

were soon repaired by a fresh stream of recruits ; the South had no one to call upon, and her lost legions were lost for ever.

While Grant was thus steadily pounding at Lee, his great second in command, General Sherman, was leading a powerful Union army into the State of Georgia. His aim was to reach the town of Atlanta, the heart and centre of the Southern resistance. For here lay the storehouses which furnished supplies to the troops, here were the factories which produced their arms, their shot and shell. Sherman fought his way into Atlanta, seized and destroyed it. Thence he struck out through the heart of the enemy's country to the sea, and seized the rich city of Savannah. Then he moved northwards in support of Grant, and the Union armies closed around Richmond.

The end came in April, 1865. Lee found that he could no longer defend Richmond. He marched away to the south-west, and the capital of the Confederacy fell. Grant pursued the flying enemy, and a running combat was fought along fifty miles of miry roads, broken by swollen streams. Again Lee was surrounded at the village of Appomattox, and here he gave up the long struggle and surrendered. The war was over. The North had won. The Union was safe, and slavery had gone for ever.

But the last and greatest victim of the war was still to fall. On the evening of April 14, President Lincoln went to the theatre in Richmond. While he was closely watching the play, a Southern man, Wilkes Booth, an actor, sprang into the President's box, put a pistol to Lincoln's head, and fired. The wound was mortal.

The Great War—II

Lincoln died in a few hours. For the time Booth escaped ; but he was soon hunted down and slain by his pursuers.

The grief of America for her fallen President was deep and bitter. He had led them nobly through the great struggle, and had been struck down by a murderous hand at the moment of victory. His people remembered his goodness of heart, his devotion to duty, his long-suffering kindness, his simple straightforward honesty, his freedom from vanity or petty feeling, his deep wisdom and wonderful power of dealing with men. His death was a great loss to the North ; it was an even greater loss still to the South. Now that the war was over, there came the great question of how the nation was to be knitted together again. It was a thorny problem ; Lincoln's wisdom and shrewdness would have been beyond price in settling the difficult points which would be bound to crop up. But he was gone, and well might General Sherman tell a Confederate General that in Lincoln's death the worst of all disasters had befallen the Confederate cause.

CHAPTER XIV

AFTER THE WAR

WHEN the war was over the North settled down swiftly and easily to the pursuits of peace. Its soldiers laid down their muskets and returned quietly to the farm, the workshop, the factory, or the counting-house, from which they had stepped to fight for the Union. On the day that Grant and Lee met at Appomattox the North had more than one million volunteers under arms. A year later these men had been dismissed, and had taken their places among the ranks of ordinary citizens without the smallest disturbance of civil life.

These men, too, returned to a land which had never known the footsteps of war. Throughout the whole of the strife the South had stood on the defensive, trying to hold the North out of her territories, and, in the end, failing.

Thus, the Northern soldiers went back to the towns, the villages, the farms they had known, and found everything there just as usual. Their old places were ready for them, their old friends were waiting to welcome them, and all was just as the soldier had pictured things to himself when he sang the famous old army ditty of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again." So it was easy for the Northern man

After the War

to pick up his old life, and soon, for him, the war began to be a memory.

It was far, far otherwise with his opponents. The South was ruined. For four years armies had swung to and fro across her soil, and the destruction they had wrought was terrible. She had given her sons and her wealth to maintain one side, and the other had plundered and stripped her with a merciless rigour which was meant to exhaust her and bleed her until she lay helpless. Between friend and foe this was her final condition. Her cities were burned and lay in ruins. Her farms were devastated; homesteads and barns filled with the stores of rich crops lay in heaps of ashes; mills, factories, railroads, bridges, were destroyed, and people who had known every luxury that wealth could supply now knew not where to turn to find bread.

Worst of all was the loss of men. The South, unlike the North, was not steadily fed by a tide of immigration. The bones of her sons lay scattered on a thousand battle-fields, and there was none to take their place. Those who had escaped the chance of war returned to the ruined plantation, to the desolate farm, to the city where their home was but a heap in the general mass of ruin, and no people could ever have had to face a blacker outlook than that of the people of the South after the war.

Yet even for the South a better time was coming. Little by little she rebuilt her ruined cities, beat her swords into ploughshares, cultivated her rich soil, gathered abundant harvests, and repaired her shattered homesteads. The freeing of the blacks had been her terror: it proved a blessing. Southern men had said

America

that with freedom the negro would cease to work, the cotton crop would dwindle to nothing, the land go out of cultivation. All this proved quite wrong. At first, it is true, the blacks, overjoyed at the thought of freedom and the escape from bondage, began to wander about the country, and to leave their tasks unperformed. But in a short time they found that if they were to eat they must work, and they settled down again. Then it was seen that slavery had been really bad business from a money point of view. It was found that the black did so much more work and so much better work in freedom that to pay him wages was actually cheaper than to drive him with the lash.

Again, in the old slave days nothing had been thought of but plantation work. Vast fields of cotton, of rice, of tobacco, were cultivated, and other forms of industry were little thought of. But these crops soon use up the soil, and very often the planter left the used-up fields and moved to fresh districts, while the old plantation was abandoned to weeds. This was a very wasteful system, but it died out with slave labour. Now, too, men began to think of the rich stores of iron and coal which the South possessed, and, slowly at first, manufactures began to grow up, until the South had her busy cities and her prosperous industries.

As time passed on, the feud between North and South died out, and the nation became united more firmly than ever. An era of great prosperity arose. The Western States became filled with thriving farms and comfortable homesteads, with villages and towns

After the War

dotted here and there. The great coal and iron fields saw the rise of immense industries in iron and steel, a network of railways covered the country, and vast fleets of steamboats plied on the rivers and the broad lakes of the North. America settled down steadily to the wonderful growth of farms and factories which has placed her among the richest nations of the world.



A Southern Home—After the War.

CHAPTER XV

AMERICA BECOMES A WORLD POWER

DURING the twenty years after the Great War, America was fully occupied at home. The South was slowly, and in the end steadily, regaining her strength and prosperity ; the North and the West were advancing by leaps and bounds. The farmers of the country were bringing vast stretches of fertile land into cultivation, and reaping splendid crops ; the manufactories were spinning, weaving, smelting, making every article the world could need.

Hitherto the United States had owned no territory outside her own vast dominion, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But at length she was drawn into relations with other Powers, which caused her to adopt a foreign policy, and to rank herself with the other world Powers as one who did not intend to let her interests be ill-treated or neglected.

The first step she took outside her own shores was in the direction of the Samoan Islands in the Pacific. The United States made a treaty with the natives, and Great Britain and Germany also made treaties with Samoa. In 1885 there was trouble between the Germans and the natives, and these troubles continued until, in 1889, the three great Powers took charge of the islands. Ten years later they agreed to divide them, the United

America becomes a World Power

States receiving an important island with its surrounding islets, while Germany took the rest. Great Britain received benefits in another direction. Another group of islands in the Pacific also fell into the hands of America. These were the Hawaian Islands, the nearest group to the shores of America. The United States had long taken an interest in this group, and in 1898 they were annexed. The importance of these doings lies, not in the land gained by the United States, which was but a trifle, but in the fact that the Stars and Stripes now floated over land outside America. These were the first colonial possessions.

But now the United States were about to take a long step in expansion, as this policy was called, and it was in connection with the great island of Cuba. This rich and important island, the finest in the West Indies, lies at the mouth of the Gulf of Mexico, close to the American shore. It belonged to Spain, and Spain ruled it very badly. The Cubans came to hate Spanish rule, and rose in arms against it time and again. But Spain poured troops into the island, and burned and slew until the insurgents broke and fled. The result of these constant outbreaks was a condition of great misery in the island. Many Americans who had seen the wretchedness of the people with their own eyes felt very sorry for them. Some Americans helped the insurgents with money and arms; some actually went and fought for them. The United States offered to buy the island. Spain promptly refused. All the latter could do was to send Governor after Governor, who sought, and sought in vain, to quench the flames of rebellion in blood.

America

At last a terrible thing happened, which aroused deep feeling in the United States. An American war-ship, the *Maine*, had gone to Havana, the Cuban capital, and was lying in the harbour. On an evening of February, 1898, she was blown up, and hundreds of her crew perished. It was found that she had been destroyed by a submarine mine, but it could not be

discovered whose hand had fired it. A great wave of anger swept over America, and the ill-feeling between the United States and Spain rose to fever heat. The watchword in America was "Remember the *Maine*."



U.S. Battleship *Maine*.

In the end war was declared between America and Spain, in April, 1898. The war lasted three months, and

was waged very feebly on the side of Spain. Both by sea and by land she made no resistance worthy of the name. At Santiago the American fleet destroyed the Spanish on July 3, and in a few days the Spanish army surrendered, and Spain lost her power in Cuba.

In the meantime, in the far-off Philippine Islands, in the East Indies, the American flag had been planted on Spanish possessions. On May 1 Commodore Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay without the loss of a man, and with only seven wounded. Later on,

America becomes a World Power

the city of Manila, with the Spanish army holding it, surrendered, and the war came to a swift close, with America an easy victor over her feeble and dispirited enemy.

The results of this war were the stripping from Spain of the remnants of her once magnificent colonial empire, and the destruction of her fleet. On the side of America it gave her the control of Cuba and the ownership of the Philippines. The United States did not take over Cuba. America occupied the island and restored order, until, in 1902, the Republic of Cuba became a reality, and the Cubans were left to govern themselves.

In the Philippines America came in for a taste of the troubles of governing a restive colony. The natives of the Philippines, the Filipinos, wished for a republic of their own, and rose against the American forces, as they had risen against the Spanish, and there was some brisk fighting before order was restored.

CHAPTER XVI

AMERICA TO-DAY

IN these early years of the twentieth century America stands among the mightiest Powers of the earth, and she herself is one of the marvels of the world. As a nation she is not one hundred and fifty years old ; yet in that short space of time, as the history of a country is measured, the infant has grown into a giant, the tiny fringe of colonies has spread into a vast commonwealth which covers half a continent.

The people who have carried out this vast work have been drawn from every country of Europe. For many years America received all immigrants freely ; she felt that there was "room about her hearth for all mankind." This "open-door" policy caused her to receive vast streams of people seeking new homes from the British Isles, Germany, Scandinavia, Denmark and other countries of Western Europe. These people made excellent citizens, but the supply of such settlers has now almost ceased. As their ranks thinned, however, the emigrant ships were packed with fresh masses of people from South-Eastern Europe, and, as these were of a much lower order of race and civilization, America has been forced to take steps to check the importation of the undesirables among them. There are no public lands to be taken up, and those who wish for free land are

America To-day

now turning their eyes to the Great Desert in the West, where the rainfall is so slight that profitable crops cannot be raised. Yet here, too, the clever and persevering American is winning his way. The soil is rich enough : only give it water and the desert will blossom like a rose. So the engineer is building his irrigation works and sinking his wells to tap underground stores and moisten the soil. Where sufficient water has been obtained, the most splendid crops have been grown, and it is certain that in time there will be no desert, but that the land, now arid and unfertile, will become changed to corn-land, pasture, and orchard.

As for the other parts of this vast dominion, progress has been more than steady : it has in many places gone on by leaps and bounds. Great cities stand on spots where men, still living, have hunted deer through the lonely woodland, or trapped beaver beside lakes and rivers, on which they saw then no sign of human life save their own canoe. The woodland has gone ; the lake or river is thronged with steamboats filled with merchandise ; the prairie which stretched far and solitary is now mapped out into farms, and dotted with towns and villages ; and the whole land is filled with the busy hum of industry. This swift expansion of industry still continues, and is accompanied by a great growth of prosperity, and it is probable that America will become the richest country in the world.

It is very pleasant to think that England and America are now the best of friends. Their relations for many years have been peaceful, and the two countries have steadily drawn together. This is as it should

America

be. Despite all the quarrels and troubles of the past, England must remain the "Mother-Country," of America. By English hands she was founded ; by the revolt of English colonists she was freed ; her tongue and her common law are English, and such bonds can never be broken. There is a strong feeling on both sides of the Atlantic that the countries should be united by a treaty of peace, under which all disputes should be submitted to peaceful arbitration, instead of deciding the matter by the barbarous methods of war. In 1911 a peace treaty was put forward, and in America President Taft strove with all his might to make it a strong and effective agreement. But the American Senate amended the treaty in such a manner as to weaken it greatly, and in the end it was withdrawn. Still, there was so strong a wave of popular opinion in favour of the treaty, both in Britain and America, that it is certain that such an agreement will be made, and that the two countries will lead the way upon the only path which can secure the peace of the world.

